midstream

A QUARTERLY JEWISH REVIEW

SUMMER, 1958

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- HAL LEHRMAN — Report from Morocco
- LESLIE A. FIEDLER — Genesis: The American-Jewish Novel Through the Twenties
- ABBA P. LERNER — Planning for Israel's Solvency
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HELEN NEVILLE • HENRY BRAUN • NAPHTALI KUPFERBERG
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Books and Authors:

MOSHE DECTER • RICHARD H. S. CROSSMAN • IRVING HOWE
ALFRED WERNER

From the Four Corners:

JUDAH GOLDIN • DAVID BOROFF • THEODORE FRANKEL

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Statement of Purpose

THE THEODOR HERZL FOUNDATION has been established as an educational agency to promote the study and discussion of problems confronting Jews in the world today. Two overwhelming changes in the context of our Jewish existence—on the one hand, the destruction of one-third of world Jewry, which has erased many political and cultural landmarks, and on the other, the rise of the State of Israel, which has opened broad new horizons—call for a reexamination of basic concepts and the ways to Jewish fulfillment. Equally grave and equally difficult to answer in traditional terms, are the fateful questions that face a world aghast at the threat of its own annihilation. It is against this background that MIDSTREAM, A Quarterly Jewish Review, has been conceived.

In sponsoring MIDSTREAM, a Zionist publication, we are committed, above all, to free inquiry. We conceive Zionism as, in essence, a questioning of the Jewish *status quo*, and as a steady confrontation of the problems of Jewish existence. It is our hope that MIDSTREAM will offer critical interpretation of the past, a searching examination of the present, and afford a medium for considered and independent opinion and for creative cultural expression.

MIDSTREAM is not an official organ, nor do the publishers and editors necessarily identify themselves with views expressed in its pages. It is, rather, our purpose to enable a wide range of thought to appear in the columns of this magazine.

THE THEODOR HERZL
FOUNDATION, INC.

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A Quarterly Jewish Review

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from the four corners

Learning's Delight

By JUDAH GOLDIN

EVERY MAN has his favorite terrors. My friend George M. cannot get into self-service elevators, though crowded rooms don't bother him at all. David G. leaves the room whenever his wife files her nails, though he can use his saw, on some do-it-yourself carpentry, for hours on end. Morton S. is seized by panic whenever he teaches the El Amarna period, though names and dates and events in any other ancient period come to his mind with liquid fluency when he lectures to his classes. One of my friends, Bob T., used to sweat helplessly in the hair above his ears whenever he had to meet with the chairman of his department; but Bob never was particularly original.

My pet terror is the last day of holiday weekends. Not the last day of ordinary weekends, and not the long weekend as such, or the day after it. The terror is concentrated in the last day only, and only that of a long weekend, say a holiday from the office which begins on Friday and is not over until Tuesday morning. Then Monday is a nightmare. The traffic jam I may or may not be caught in on the way home from a visit to the country hardly concerns me. Nor am I excessively bothered by greed: O, I wish I had one more day, or, Tomorrow it all starts again, or, I *hate* Mondays, or anything like that. But on that Monday, even while I'm enjoying the autumn colors—the rich red and the pale red and the brown red and the dusty red and purple red leaves—or while I'm still doing my research with no one interrupting, my imagination gets jammed with letters and parcels, first class and second class and special delivery and interoffice mail, all of it unopened, all of it packed tightly in my box near the switchboard and near seventy-one other such boxes. The other boxes are only a passing thought; but my own box, my own unopened mail, the congestion of envelopes, folders, wrappings addressed to but still untouched by me—O my God!

Last Monday was particularly bad. Since the previous Wednesday I had been away from the office, on leave to complete research I had begun last summer. The days were glorious indoors as well as outdoors, sun and skies as clean as fresh bed sheets, the leaves like leather, and a fragrance in the air of a proud healthy autumn; indoors, peace (the family is away), and the only sounds are either the parakeet occasionally from the kitchen or the turning of the long folio pages of a Talmud treatise as I try to track down a parallel passage or variant reading. "When a man returns from his work," says my text, *Abot de-Rabbi Natan,* "let him not say 'I will eat a bit and drink a bit and nap awhile and afterwards I shall recite the *Shema*'—for he will [fall asleep and] sleep through the night and not recite the *Shema.* Instead, when a man returns from his work in the evening, let him go to the synagogue or to the study house. If he is accustomed to study Scripture, let him study Scripture; if he is accustomed to study Mishnah, let him study Mishnah; otherwise, let him recite the *Shema* and pray." "Otherwise"—what in the world does this mean? Is a person who can study Scripture and

Mishnah exempt from reciting that pivotal prayer, the *Shema:* "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy being?" Is this prayer required in the evenings only of those who are unaccustomed to study Scripture, unaccustomed to study Mishnah? The illiterate only?

But how does the parallel passage go? Restlessly I get up from the desk, drag out the treatise *Berakot,* consult the reading on page 4b. No, my eyes do not deceive me! "The Sages set up a hedge about their words so that a man coming back from the field in the evening should not say, 'I'll go home and eat a bit and drink a bit and nap awhile and afterwards I shall recite the *Shema* and pray'—for sleep will overtake him and he will sleep through the night! Instead, when a man comes back from the field in the evening, let him go into the synagogue. If he is accustomed to study Scripture, let him study Scripture; if he is accustomed to study Mishnah, let him study Mishnah; then let him recite the *Shema* and pray, and have a bite" and so on, and so forth. No "otherwise", no exceptions; whether you're accustomed to study or not, you must recite the evening *Shema,* articulately confirm your belief in the One God and remember to love Him as you love no one else, with all your heart, soul, and might. What in the world is happening here? Any help from the Palestinian Talmud? I take down the volume from the shelf; nervous turning of pages back and forth. Not a helpful word. Perhaps some other source—the *Tosefta?* No, nothing. By now the table is cluttered with texts, old editions and modern ones, octavos and quartos, sources and commentaries. Disorder and crowding are before me, and suddenly into my mind pushes the image of the pack of unopened mail undoubtedly filling my mail box at the office. The mood of elation cracks and goes to pieces.

I DIDN'T get very much done after that.

The next morning there certainly was a lot of mail, as I had anticipated: two form letters from foundations to give my candid estimate, which would be held confidential, of students who had applied for grants; any number of circulars announcing new books, worthy causes, dates of society meetings, the new automobile models Chrysler is contemplating, special insurance programs for teachers and clergymen; memoranda from department heads and my colleagues in administration; copies of letters my colleagues were sure I'd be interested in; several notes from friends, one of whom was adopted finally by an adoption agency so that now he and his wife may get a baby; one sent me an offprint of a recent article of his with kindest regards; one wondered would I be coming his way later in the year; one hadn't heard from me in a long time and was I still alive; one thought I ought to know he had finally gotten his divorce; one heard I was almost done with my research project, and wondered where I planned to publish my monograph. I had two bills — one for books I had ordered and received, one I had already paid. The U. S. Government printing office informed me I could buy the following: *Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag* (10 cents), *Protecting Your Family* (10 cents), *Lithographer 3 and 2* ($1.75), *Manual for Overhaul, Repair, and Handling of Mark I, Mod O Ship Telescope* ($1.25), *Training Personnel for Work with Juvenile Delinquents* (35 cents), *How To (!) Obtain Birth Certificates* (10 cents), *Education for Homemaking in the Secondary Schools of the United States* (30 cents)—the titles ran on and on soothing me by their practicality and informativeness and low costs. There was the parcel of books from Foyle's. And there was the large envelope, stamped 5 shillings and twopence, marked "Photographs With Care," weight 6 ozs, valued three pounds fourteen and six—the photostats

of the beloved manuscripts. Life is worth living after all, and maybe terror is only the price we have to pay for it.

There is nothing on the calendar to suggest that I'm slated for a long weekend for quite some time, perhaps for the remainder of the year. Along with this reprieve a peace settles down in the mind, and I recall—is this how the old feel as certain reminiscences come to them before the sunrise?—last summer's six weeks in Cambridge, an interval which was wholly Sabbath, as the ancient Sages would say. My landlady who was brisk and proud of her cooking was disappointed that I wanted no more for breakfast on my bed-and-breakfast than poached eggs (and cereal and coffee). "Don't you get tired of eggs every day?" But it is so much easier to say simply, "No, I never really do," than to start explaining why I don't eat bacon.

In the evening, long and light, I could look out from the window in my room and see an enormous cabbage in the garden across the street, and the colored flowers whose names I never learned. Beyond that garden was one enormous field, green as only English green can be, as though it were lit up from within by a sunlight. And one evening, as I sat at my small desk in front of the open window, doing my daily stint of Plato—the Ion, as it happened—from somewhere in the neighborhood sounds of a recording of the Schütz Requiem rose pleadingly in the air: "Es ist allhier ein Jammertal, Angst, Not und Trübsal überall, des Bleibens ist ein' kleine Zeit voller Mühseligkeit, Und wer's bedenkt, ist immer im Streit."

From 9:30 in the morning to 6:30 in the evening—the last week in August, to 4:30—life was lived in the Anderson Room, lived alone and yet in companionship, with maybe two dozen, maybe three dozen other men and women, each of whom was also living alone. There were the Cambridge undergraduates—are they called Cantabrians?—*in statu pupilari,* as various notices in the library building read, in their academicals, who were in some sort of summer residence program; there was the visiting medievalist from Israel at the other end of the table, sorting hundreds of manuscript fragments which he kept picking out of a crate and dropping on the table beside him. Behind me, at another long table, sat Haller reading from an enormous tome, and I found myself wondering whenever he walked by me in the morning, "Has he found some more material on the Puritans?" Two priests were reading St. Ambrose; together? I never could decide. An Arabist beside me asked me if I had come across any medieval responsa; he was preparing a social history of Egypt under the caliphate. Young Loewe, whose wife was expecting to give birth any day, was finishing the catalogue of manuscripts his father had begun. "I've just come across another *Abot de-Rabbi Natan* manuscript," he said to me one morning; "do you want it?" "Of course," I said eagerly, and got up to go with him to his table at once, controlling my walk so that it would not emphasize his limping. But it was not an *Abot de-Rabbi Natan* manuscript after all; it was a commentary on *Pirke Abot* by a Rabbi Jacob son of Samson which Schiller-Szinessy had copied for Charles Taylor, the onetime master of St. John's. But for a moment the excitement was downright physical.

Who were all the others? The heavy-set lady with a man's hairdo near the window? The gray haired young man with a very young face who sat next to the girl reading a copy of *Encounter*? The Hindu student? The (deaf?) woman who spoke at the top of her voice to the attendants in French: "Mais, je suis certaine que c'est ici, je suis certaine!" She wore so many rings, I still think she had a ring on her thumb. And who are the others whose faces have since faded from my mind?

(*Continued on page* 102)

midstream
A Quarterly Jewish Review

Author, lecturer and authority on Middle Eastern affairs, HAL LEHRMAN has just completed a prolonged sojourn in Morocco.

Report from Morocco

By HAL LEHRMAN

FOUR WEEKS and an Algerian revolution have gone by since my month in Morocco, but the notes and memories I retain of Moroccan Jewry stay fresh. Three individuals, each obscure in himself, stand out best. To each, the independent Arab-Berber state of Morocco offered sharply different prospects. In those contrasts lie the elements of the enigma facing the Jews of the Moroccan kingdom.

The first Jew was from the rough South, from a small town near Agadir. In this area the freebooting "Army of Liberation" still had some units, swashbucklers presumably disdainful of the central authority in remote Rabat but actually available for patriotic adventures on the Spanish and French Algerian borders or wherever else needed. Jew and Arab alike were suffering from the exactions of these troops living largely off the land, but the Jew perhaps a bit more because his defenses were fewer. This Jew was a *marchand de tissus*. Every night but one he would sleep in his shop, alone on the floor beside his tables heaped with rolls of cloth. On the Sabbath he would sleep in his house, with his family. One Sunday he returned to find a great hole in the wall dividing his shop from the room next door. All his goods were gone, as well as the money he had kept in a hiding place. The *caid* to whom he complained told him that Allah had protected him: had it not been the Sabbath, he would have been caught asleep – and his throat would surely have been slit. The police made no inquiries. On the other side of the great hole in the wall was the local bureau of *Istiqlal,* Morocco's ruling nationalist party.

The second Jew was from Casablanca, and I met him in the North, in Tetuan, once capital of Spain's Moroccan territories. We sat together in the office of the ORT school, where he had been sheltered since the previous October.

It was then that he and 251 others had been caught in a truck caravan without adequate papers heading in the dead of night for the frontier and the Spanish Moroccan port of Ceuta. He had not been escaping from any persecution. He simply had been trying to go to Israel. He said:

"I have eleven children. The oldest, a son, is 26. I sent him to Israel first, at the beginning. He became a parachutist, and now he has a wife, and she is soon to have a child. I raised my son like a tree, straight and tall. But I never tasted the fruit. Finally I wanted to taste the fruit. I wanted to sit beside the tree. But we had ten children left. We could not obtain passports. The *khalifa* knew we were not tourists. I learned of an address in Tangier. There I was told to sell everything and return and wait. This we did, and one night, after many weeks of waiting, we set out from Tangier. . . . When the police stopped us, they pointed their guns at us and cried: 'Anyone who moves will be shot.' The inspector laughed: 'So you're going to Palestine. We have trapped you like rats. Where is your famous Israelite courage now?' At the *commissariat* they photographed and fingerprinted us. All that day we were prisoners, surrounded by armed men, with only bread and tea, for which they asked payment. At midnight, under their guns, we were placed here. . . . Now only 75 are left. The others have gone back to Tangier. There they have more to eat. We stay here. The community is good to us. It is poor, and we do not like to be a burden. But we do not wish to go one kilometer backward on the road to Israel. And we will not return to where we began. I have sold everything. I sold my shop, my tools. I sold them almost for nothing. We have eaten all our savings. Every possession we own is in trunks. Eleven months ago the trunks were sent to Israel. That is where we must go, only there . . ."

The third Jew was a young intellectual, one of a sizeable number who have posts in the Moroccan administration. He said:

"We must stay here. We are entitled to stay here. Our claim is at least as ancient as the Moslem claim. There are many Moslems who understand. The others must be brought to understand. This will not be accomplished by running away. It is too easy to leave. That is the cowardly way. Before Israel, there was no place to run, nothing to appeal too. Nevertheless, we survived. We even improved our position. Suppose there were no Israel now. Even in the far-off *bled,* where still there is injustice sometimes, the Jew would find some method to protect himself, as he has done for centuries in Morocco. But now he has this complex of surrender and flight. No! This is the land where we were born. It is a good land. We have a duty to ourselves—yes, even a duty to this country which is our home and our motherland. Our duty is to prove to those who outnumber us that we are truly Moroccans. We have enemies here, and we must face them squarely. We have friends here, and we must help fight an intolerance which they deplore as much as we. This is the only choice for us if we are to live as men, in dignity . . ."

MOROCCO is a curious world through any eyes, but especially through the eyes of those interested in the fate and fortunes of its 190,000 Jews. So great is the anxiety of some to depart that I have seen mothers, on barely a day's warning surrender their child to a virtual stranger who had found a way to steal the child out to an Israel which seems on another planet. Yet so overpowering is the sense of family among others, or the sheer incapacity of grasp-

ing the concept of alien lands, that there are cases on record like the one of the Moroccan Jew, bound for Canada, who came as far as New York and then, as if pulled by a magnet, flew back home. When Moulay Hassan, the Crown Prince, demurred at donning a *yarmolka* on paying a visit to a synagogue, the elders were firm and did not hesitate to remind him that when a Jewish notable came to the palace, the Jew wore a fez. Yet other Jews, when King Mohammed V, the Prince's father, came to take royal possession of Tangier, lavished obeisances and ingratiations upon him to win his favor, and even concerted to purchase a $10,000 luxury automobile as a communal gift to the monarch though the community otherwise is chronically short of funds for its own poor. There is no genuine Jewish elite in Morocco—no writer or artist or musician of outstanding excellence, not even a Jew who is really rich. But Jews teach Arabic in Moslem schools because they are by and large better Arabists, while no Moslems excel sufficiently in competition to teach in Jewish schools. Individual Jewish communities in Morocco are effectively under the thumb of the local Governor and have virtually no nationwide organization or outlook to give them some cohesiveness. But the central Moroccan state authority pays careful attention to representation from world Jewry, especially American Jewry, which it credits with great power and influence.

Do the Moslems of Morocco want the Jews to remain in their country? Are they capable of developing a sufficiently enlightened society in which persons of all creeds can instinctively feel wanted and free? Should the Jews of Morocco take the gamble of integration? Can Morocco be the Arab country where Jews for once in modern times may ultimately find themselves dwelling in total equality and acceptance, thereby becoming a center and inspiration for rapprochement between other Arab lands and other Jews? Or, putting the question in its simplest basic terms and challenge, is it possible for *any* community, Jewish, Christian or even Moslem, to achieve security in a convulsed and largely primitive society which has a long road to travel before it arrives at political and economic stability?

The answers depend on one's premises and one's frame of mind. Both sides can be – and are – argued with equal fervor. It may be useful below to survey these contending positions and inspect some of the evidence on which they are based.

WHATEVER the differences among observers and participants about Jewish prospects in the newly independent Morocco, everybody seems to agree on one thing: Moroccan Jews, through their own fault, made a poor beginning when the state was born. Even before its birth, Jewish factions gave themselves a bloody nose at Aix-les-Bains, where the nationalists were negotiating with the French in August, 1955. Though the nationalists were divided among themselves, they presented a fairly solid front to the French. The Jews, however, who were "negotiating" with the nationalists, carried tales about one another to the Moroccans. It was the first Moroccan intimation that, contrary to established myth, Jewry was not a solid, monolithic and therefore formidable power.

Moroccan desire to demonstrate the new state's liberalism by including a Jewish minister in the cabinet innocently provoked even more scandalous Jewish conduct. Over 100 candidates applied for the job. Worse, many of them sent anonymous letters, documents or entire dossiers to Rabat purporting to prove that their opponents had been pro-French "Quislings" while

they had been ardent nationalists.

Only four candidates were taken seriously: Dr. Léon Benzaquen, a distinguished specialist in pulmonary diseases; Jacques Dahan, ex-President of the Council of Jewish Communities; Meyer Toledano, attorney and leading spirit in the local chapter of the World Jewish Congress, and one Joe Ohana, a merchant who had contributed to *Istiqlal's* war chest and who sometimes puts an apostrophe into his name to suggest Hibernian origin.

Istiqlal quite properly favored Dr. Benzaquen, who had a noteworthy communal record in Jewish social welfare without political overtones. He had come out before independence in advocacy of integration rather than a "special status" for Jewry to be guaranteed by France or some other external authority. He was reluctant to accept the offered portfolio of *Postes, Télégraphes et Téléphones,* for which he felt he lacked technical competence, or compete for the Public Health portfolio with a highly qualified Moslem physician who had already served in a similar grade under the Protectorate. It was due to his hesitation that the general scramble for the title of Minister was unleashed, to the considerable mortification of the Jewish community and justifiable amusement of the Moslem.

In the end, Dr. Benzaquen accepted the PTT job (which he retained through several Cabinet reshufflings until the major Government crisis this May produced virtually an all-*Istiqlal* cabinet with no Jewish member at all). Dahan, who had been a leading advocate of French sponsorship, spent a prudent period in France, and now is back in Rabat trying to accommodate himself to the new order. Toledano, who had spearheaded the faction clamoring for total Jewish integration, ended up as Economic Counsellor of the Moroccan Embassy in Washington, where he is currently laboring to encourage American (including American Jewish) private investment in his country. As for Ohana, his reward was nomination to the non-legislative National Consultative Assembly (on whose register his name is inscribed as O'Hana).

In the first months of independence, too, an unedifying slavishness was apparent not only in the conduct of those who had been insufficiently "patriotic" during the conflict with the French or forthrightly pro-Protectorate, but also those who had espoused the nationalist slogans when still inconvenient. In the early days of Moroccan sovereignty, most Jews vied with one another in shouting their loyalty—and in avoiding the slightest suspicion of flagging zeal. Community leaders, not knowing what the attitudes of Morocco's new masters might be, even shunned contacts with the American Joint Distribution Committee, whose large financial aid and non-political counsel on social-welfare development had helped these communities emerge from the Middle Ages in less than a decade.

Characteristic was the feverish virtue exhibited by Marc Sabah, an emerging spokesman for the "ultras" in Moroccan Jewry, when he denounced in the columns of the journal *"Istiqlal"* the arrival of a World Jewish Congress representative to negotiate with Rabat on emigration to Israel in 1956. What right, Sabah thundred in effect, does this foreign organization have to speak in our name? We have no need for such interference; we are Moroccans first, and Jews only afterward. On at least two occasions, such frenzied protestations of servility made even Moslems gag. A Casablanca Jewish group, at the time of the Sinai campaign, distributed a pamphlet denouncing Israel as an imperialist power

which had stabbed "our Egyptian brothers" in the back! When the French bagged the Ben Bella group of Algerian rebel leaders, the same group actually brought 4,000 Jews out with a fellagha flag, screaming in the streets for release of the prisoners!

IN TIME, however, sobriety and a consecutive doctrine began to take over. Men like Sabah, who enjoyed close contacts with top *Istiqlal* circles, developed an ideology which had both intellectual substance and a certain self-respect. Put in its essentials, their argument ran as follows:

Jewish leaders during the Protectorate were motivated by "realism" and a lack of political courage. They could not conceive that the Jew might be a citizen in the future Morocco like any other Moroccan. They saw the community existing only as an eternal minority apart from the rest of the population and "guaranteed" by some foreign overseer like France, the United States or the United Nations. Such a self-ostracism would have been suicidal.

In French-ruled Morocco, the argument continues, the Jew had a "protection" which was spurious: he was set apart, isolated, rather than defended. He remained a second-class citizen in a second-class and subjugated society. That society has now won its own independence, however, and can become a first-class state. Jewry should help it to achieve such a status, rather than abstaining or fleeing. This does not mean assimilation. History shows that self-destruction of Jewish values and identity is neither effective nor desirable. It would merely efface the Jewish personality without acquiring another.

Nor does participation in the construction of the Moroccan state involve debasement. The Jew has a right to join in the building of Morocco, because Morocco is his country. Only a minority of Moroccan Jewry came relatively lately from Inquisitorial Spain. The great majority has been in the land a millenium or longer. The Moroccan Jew is entitled to be a Moroccan as much as an English Jew is entitled to be an Englishman—and with greater historial reason.

The new Jewish ideologists do not insist that Moslem willingness to accept a loyal Jewry into the warp and woof of Morocco is a dead certainty. But they think there is enough likelihood of such willingness to justify the effort. They contend there is no visible sign of anti-Semitism engrained in the Moslem population. The Vichy period had been the most favorable time for such a tendency to betray itself. Pro-Nazi French practically invited the Moslems to go on a pogrom spree, during which the Vichy authorities would look the other way. Neither Moslem leaders nor the population accepted. The Sultan's conduct toward local Jewry during this trying time was exemplary. Later, in the troubles created by the Liberation war, Jews were occasionally casualties — but through being mistaken for Frenchmen or Europeans, rather than as Jews. Incidents involving Jews specifically as Jews were extremely rare.

Since independence, there has been only one mob action involving Jews, at Meknes during the anti-French riots last winter after the airplane "kidnapping" of Algerian FLN leaders. One Jew was among the forty-four non-Moslems slaughtered in this outbreak, and the manner of his dying, the pro-Moroccan case contends, proves his Jewishness was not involved. He and another Jew, both on bicycles, encountered a mob with blood in its eye and heading for a French-garrisoned police station. One Jew ran toward the crowd crying that he was a Jew. The vanguard told him to go away, and

he was not molested. The other chose to take refuge in the police station—and he was massacred with the Frenchmen there.

Furthermore, the fears of the timid that Israel's troubles with the Arab world would blacken Jewish existence in Morocco should certainly have been vindicated during the tension over Suez. It was forecast that, if Israel was defeated, the Jews would be despised, and if Israel won, the Jews in Morocco would be the victims of Moslem vengeance. As it turned out, Moroccan Jewry celebrated Israel's victory with open rejoicing—and not a single Jew was molested.

ON THE OTHER hand, it is pointed out, Morocccan willingness to find places for qualified Jews in positions of trust indicates a positive attitude toward integration. There is no secular ministry in the administration which does not have some Jewish personnel, often in a high place. Among these, in addition to a Cabinet minister, have been a *directeur de cabinet* in the Foreign Ministry, a director of mining production and a planning expert in the National Economy Ministry, an attaché (son of the Meknes community President) in Agriculture, a *chef de cabinet* in the P.T.T., an important official in the Interior Ministry, and the director of the important *Office des Céreales.* Jewish students, in addition, are already well represented in the *Ecole Supérieure d'Administration,* the training school for future civil service elite.

Integration advocates will admit there is much progress still to be made. They cite the instance of a P.T.T. competition for twelve jobs. The average Jew being better educated than the average Moslem, the results showed five Jews among the twelve best—far above the ratio of Jews to Moslems in the population. Because he knew the Moslem masses might not understand the justification for such a distribution of places, Dr. Benzaquen voluntarily reduced the Jewish places by one. A delegation from the P.T.T. section of the *Union Marocaine du Travail* (UMT), the national labor federation, then called on the Minister. The unionists did not ask him further to reduce the Jewish appointments—but they felt compelled to say, with apologies, that the appointments were too many and that the incident would have unfavorable impact on Moslem mass opinion. It was agreed on both sides that mutual patience would be necessary and that all should work with good will for the gradual elimination of sectarian prejudice in the Moslem masses.

TO FURTHER such rapprochement between minority and majority, a society called *El Wifaq* ("Understanding" or "Entente") was launched in Rabat in January, 1956, barely two months after the Sultan's triumphant return to Morocco from French exile. The leading organizers were the abovementioned Sabah and his nephew, Alfred Aflalo (who is, incidentally, an employe of the American Embassy), assisted by several Jewish and Moslem friends. It was announced that a public inaugural meeting would be held in the Conservatory, which has some 400 seats. As public interest grew, the location was changed to a theatre which houses 900. The affair was finally held at the Chamber of Commerce auditorium, which has room for 1,800—and a packed hall listened to discussion on the topic, "Moslems and Jews in the New Morocco." The function was graced by the presence of the Crown Prince, who made a speech referring to Jewish "citizens" (when hitherto Jews had been only "subjects" in the royal nomenclature) and by every member of

the Cabinet. The first five rows, in fact, were filled with government officials. Sabah, Aflalo and two young Moslems, who are now in the administration, also delivered addresses which the audience followed, according to contemporary accounts, with great interest and enthusiasm. It was the first time in Moroccan history that the subject of Moslem-Jewish relations had been aired at a public meeting.

From Rabat the same program travelled a week later to Casablanca, where an audience of 3,000 and a bevy of *Istiqlal* party leaders attended. A week after that all the cabinet ministers motored 75 miles to Meknes, where an audience now of 5,000 listened to the Minister of Justice substituting for the Crown Prince. In the following six months *Wifaq* sponsored a series of lectures in various cities, bearing different titles but invariably on the same subjects: the condition of Jews in Morocco –prior to the 20th century, under the French, today and tomorrow. These discussions featured Jewish and Moslem speakers before a public audience predominantly of Jews.

The society then embarked on a program of exclusively Jewish seminars, geared to the level of different social groups in the community and aimed at explaining in simplest terms the new (and, to many, alien) concept of Jewish cooperation in a national state which was theirs as much as the Moslems'. The group's sponsors felt that the mass Jewish mind had to be educated to awareness that a new day had dawned: one should no longer depend on the community for everything, even marriage and divorce, but learn that the state was there to function on behalf of *all* citizens. *Wifaq* made special efforts to propagandize the "Road of Unity"—a kind of voluntary youth labor corps—and the newly-created Royal Army. Its results were indifferent: 150 Jewish volunteers out of 12,000 in the "Unity" crews, and no applicants at all to the Army. The society claims to have "chapters" in twenty-seven communities now. In inter-faith relations, there exists an *Istiqlal*-sponsored mixed *Wifaq* board of twenty members who meet every two weeks to plan and execute such projects as a Jewish-Moslem schoolchildren's trip to the mountains, an exchange of visits by 200 Jewish and 200 Moslem boys between the ages of seven and twelve to a Hebrew and a Koranic school, and a *mechoui* (roast mutton picnic) of 150 Moslem and Jewish *Wifaq* members.

Wifaq and its ideology are criticized by its Jewish opponents on a variety of fronts. Beginning with the narrowest, the personal, it is charged that its main exponents are Johnny-Come-Latelies to the Jewish scene, arriving only when political advancement seemed obtainable by becoming a Jewish "spokesman."

Opponents assert, and its advocates do not deny, that *Wifaq* was started by *Istiqlal*. Until late 1955, after the Sultan's return, Jews were specifically barred from membership in *Istiqlal*. When a rival political group, the Independent Democrats (PDI), commenced recruiting Jews, *Istiqlal* hurriedly followed suit. *Wifaq* was born when the party convoked the leadership of a pro-*Istiqlal* Jewish group, mainly students, authorized them to begin forming party cells composed of Jews, and produced an equal number of Moslems with which to form the "Entente" society. Sabah, who seems to be the *bete-noire* of *Wifaq's* critics, is accused of being a slavish messenger boy for Ben Barka, President of the Consultative Assembly and chief builder and operator of *Istiqlal's* party machinery. It is pointed out, in passing, that a split has already occurred in *Wifaq* between Sabah in

Casablanca and the rest of the country, including his nephew in Rabat. The Casablanca branch is virtually moribund; at its second anniversary meeting last March, an audience variously reported to have numbered from four to ten, including Sabah, turned up.

On a somewhat higher level, the complaint is that the "integrationists" do pitifully meager missionary work on Moslems, where the need is great, and concentrate on converting Jews to the gospel of Moroccan nationhood. Some moderate Jewish leaders argue that Moslems, not Jews, should do the educational work for tolerance among the Moslems—but do not see any Moslems doing it. There is a general feeling that the integration advocates suffer from a sense of inferiority vis-a-vis the Moslems behind their fine phrases. They are ardent champions of Arabic in Hebrew schools at the expense of Hebrew instruction; they would like to see foreign Jewish institutions either get out of the country or turn their management over to Moroccan Jews—or the Moroccan government; and they are accused of having little sensitivity to the spritual needs of the community as a legimate religious minority.

As for the general argument that Morocco can become a golden land of civic freedom for Jews if only they prove themselves worthy, skeptics aver the Moslems have a painful distance to go before they themselves can be called free. The King, it is granted, makes ringing declarations of affection for his Jewish "children." Mohammed V is conceded to be well-intentioned and benevolent—but a benevolent autocrat. He urges Jews to stay in Morocco and promises them "equality with all others"— not because he believes in equality, it is said, but because he wants doctors, lawyers, teachers and other relatively scarce skilled professionals in whom the community proportionately abounds. In a royal charter recently promulgated, the sovereign forecast elections, freedom of expression and assembly, constitutional monarchy and "a law on public liberty." But these pledges, according to some competent political analysts, were as much designed to outbid an increasingly powerful *Istiqlal* as to strike a blow for progress.

The fact is, as seen by these observers, that a tug-of-war is now proceeding in Morocco between a congenitally autocratic dynasty and a dominant party which seeks to become autocratic itself. Even before it recently became virtually equivalent to the government, *Istiqlal* confiscated the property of a long list of alleged pro-French "collaborators" by simple proscription, suspended or closed down newspapers at whim, and arbitrarily imprisoned opponents without trial or even judicial inquiry. The party may protest that it believes in democracy, but its performance suggests to many that what it really wants is a single-party state. And *Istiqlal* lately has been growing stronger rather than weaker. Nor are the other parties which it has been pushing into a corner notable for any larger liberalism. If anything, they outbid *Istiqlal* in a narrow nationalist credo. In such a climate, where the concept of individual freedom is far more apparent in rhetoric than in practice, those who have a particular concern for Jewish security ask themselves how long it will yet take Morocco to develop a sure sense for the much more elusive concept of cultural pluralism.

SOMETHING of this tendency toward arbitrary rule is noted by many in the specific treatment of Jewish community leaderships by the central government. Admittedly, the communities were not very independent under the old French-directed dispensation. Com-

munity officials were selected under French supervision from a list presented by a Jewish Inspector of Israelite Institutions (a civil servant of the Moroccan 'government'). A pattern of communal elections developed under partial suffrage, but lack of general interest in Jewish affairs kept the leadership unrepresentative and not of best available quality. Nevertheless a considerable degree of local autonomy existed in Tangiers and Tetuan, then under international or Spanish rule, and even in French Moroccan cities like Rabat and Fez.

Since independence, however, it is charged that local Governors have increasingly taken a hand in communal "politics." The fact that this used to be occasionally practiced before is not considered a valid argument in the light of the new Morocco's professions of liberalism. In Fez, the government declined to recognize as president a community leader who was a member of the PDI and had a Zionist background. In Marrakesh, where Jewish factional rivalry waxed so warm that police once dispersed a *mellah* melée with teargas, the governor set aside the results of a local referendum and named his own slate, later revising it on several occasions. In Casablanca, where the old leadership had decamped of its own accord after receiving death threats by mail and telephone, a slate of new leaders was juggled and tailored until an apathetic community awoke one morning to learn that its president henceforth would be a certain Meyer Obadia, who had no previous connection with communal affairs and was quite unknown—assisted as vice-president by none other than Marc Sabah.

Another area of doubt and perturbation is the activity and intention of the government in the Jewish welfare field. A new organism known at *Entr'aide Nationale,* headed by the King's eldest daughter, Princess Lalla Aicha, has requested all charitable organizations in Morocco to adopt a standard charter and set of regulations prescribing the participation of numerous government officials in the decisions of the charity boards. The organizations have been invited to join a Central Committee of Philanthropic Societies formed by the *Entr'aide.* Until now, only a scattering of small Jewish groups has accepted—thereby setting a precedent of Jewish identification with a nationwide dominantly Moslem agency—and everyone is rather anxiously watching for the next official move. For the moment, it is the *Entr'aide* which makes supplementary budget contributions to its member groups—but the fear is abroad that, once the central organization has cemented its control, it may proceed to make levies rather than gifts. It is noted that many of the Jewish groups receive financial aid from the JDC, which in turn has a voice in the expenditure of the funds. Is the *Entr'aide* ambitious to displace the JDC in determining the uses of JDC money?

An even graver possibility was first given currency in an apparently authorized speech to the Consultative Assembly by an *Istiqlal* representative who in effect demanded to know why a "foreign organization" should be permited to favor one part of the population to the exclusion of the rest. This demarche was promptly supported in the party press. An interview given *"Istiqlal"* by Lalla Aicha last February expressed the *Entr'aide's* desire to supervise the distribution of all gifts from abroad "to no matter which charities." In March a meeting of the *Entr'aide* board, chaired by the then Prime Minister Embarek Bekkai, actually adopted "certain measures concerning the receipt and distribution of gifts made to Morocco by foreign associations." To this writing, no known further move in

this direction has been taken nor has the nature of the "measures" been revealed.

Observers assume that the JDC is the main, perhaps the only, target envisaged. Other "foreign associations" are functional—like the *Alliance Israelite* and the ORT, which operate schools and already have budgetary connections with the government, and the OSE, which gives medical assistance. The JDC is purely philanthropic, giving money for various projects rather than directing these projects itself. All these organizations have Moslem aspects in their programs. The JDC currently gives surplus food supplies to several Moslem kindergartens and small cash grants to a Moslem canteen. There is a large difference, however, between such controlled voluntary gifts and a compulsory surrender of one's total annual budget. The Joint's aid is significant and effective within its specific sphere of operation; it would be a drop in the bucket if applied to the vast destitution and need of the Moslem population. In this superbly Oriental situation, the JDC is simply sitting tight. It occupies an unassailable moral position, according to disinterested observers, since it concerns itself exclusively with giving, and asks for nothing in return. The dilemma which the Moroccan government seems to have created for itself has distinct overtones of the fable about the goose and the golden eggs.

LOOKED at with a determinedly sympathetic eye, however, the occult maneuvers of the *Entr'aide* can be interpreted as not aimed at all at invasion of Jewish institutions and funds, but rather as an innocent effort to reform Moroccan institutions. Moslem welfare systems are monuments of confusion and bad planning--and sometimes even of venality. At least three ministries—Health, Public Welfare and National Economy—have fingers in the management of each philanthropy. It is clear that extension of this chaos to the much superior Jewish agencies would result, if the intention were mischievous, in paralysis of the latter. On the other hand, study of the statutes which the *Entr'aide* drew up as a model shows that the controls envisaged were genuinely meant to develop and reform the Moslem institutions to which they also applied.

According to the Jewish integrationists, moreover, association with the *Entre'aide* surrenders no right. It is not a new thing for Jewish charities to receive subsidies from the State. Under the Protectorate aid was regularly given by the Public Health Ministry—and budgets were accordingly controlled. The JDC, it is pointed out, similarly controls *its* contributions in that it knows beforehand precisely how its money will be spent. Why should not a national Moroccan organization which gives funds also have this privilege? The integrationists admit that Jewish suspicions are understandable – since "our agencies are well organized and the Moslems' are not." "But," they say, "some day the Moslems will be organized fully. Now we have large funds and the Moslems small funds. Some day, however, we shall be at our proper ratio of three percent of the nation's philanthropic total. On that day how shall the government answer when the Moslems ask: 'Why do you control us and not the Jews?' "

Concerning foreign philanthropy, the integrationists dismiss as unthinkable the possibility that the government would simply help itself to non-Moroccan funds. "The JDC has one simple remedy," I was told. "On the day this happens, the Joint can stop bringing money in." On the other hand, it is asked, what guarantee does the government have that the Joint will not abuse

its position? It is true that the Joint's books are open to inspection at any time. It pays taxes. Its program is visible for all to see. It is interested in philanthropy—and in nothing else. But, the integrationists demand, how can the government be sure JDC may not some day be tempted to divert its funds elsewhere, and effectively conceal the diversion? In what conceivable direction? Why, comes the answer, in the direction of illegal emigration to Israel! Moreover, a sovereign state simply cannot let foreign organizations operate without supervision, no matter how beneficial their activities. This is Moroccan territory, and the government of Morocco must indeed be sovereign over all of it.

As for complaints of interference in communal affairs, defenders of the Government's conduct maintain the communities have actually been done a great service by such interference. The old leadership generally had lost all prestige. They were branded with the mark of the Protectorate. They could not—according to the integrationists—effectively represent the communities, since they had no standing with the new regime. In some instances, they had ceded their places to individuals who were opposed to *Istiqlal* or were known Zionists or had some other flaw. (I am giving the integrationist case here.) If these had been permitted to remain in office, the authorities would have refused to deal with them. Above all else, it was necessary to install the kind of leadership which could dedicate itself to wholehearted cooperation with the regime—and enjoy the latter's full acceptance. It was too soon to have free communal elections even now. First, because Jewish public opinion was not yet sufficiently informed, and an election would probably bring back "the old gang." Second, because the country at large had not yet had an election. It would psychologically be a mistake to hold a Jewish election first. Dangerous resentments would be aroused by such flagrant disclosure, say the integrationists, that the Jews had special institutions apart from and more advanced than those of the general Moslem population.

In a country where these "dangerous resentments" are latent, it should not have come as altogether a surprise to the Moroccan authorities or to Jewish advocates of Moroccan nationalism that some Jews desired to leave for Israel, where hazards of this particular kind did not exist. As a matter of fact, a great many desired to do so, and at this moment these "free and equal citizens" of the new Moroccan democracy are effectively prevented from departing except via the perilous and infrequent road of illegality.

Until the summer of 1956, some two months after formal French recognition of Morocco's independence, emigration continued to be regular, disciplined and moderate as in the last days of the Protectorate. An organization known as *Kadimah* (financed and staffed by the Jewish Agency) supervised the assembling and transportation of the greater part of the emigrants, those incapable —due to remote geographical location or illiteracy or poverty—of arranging the matter for themselves. The rate of exodus was modest, nothing like the deluge which had poured out from Morocco in the first years of Israel's emergence. A transit camp at Mazagan, near Casablanca, where most of those bound for Israel waited for available shipping, usually had under 1,000 residents at any given moment. In May, 1956, the government suddenly abolished *Kadimah* and banned emigration to Israel. Within two months, the population of the camp had swelled to nearly 8,000.

Negotiations inaugurated through the World Jewish Congress secured agreement at least to permit the departure of the Mazagan group, and by the end of September, 1956, all of them had been transported to Israel. The Moroccan authorities were adamant only against resumption of "collective" emigration. They declared that their pre-independence pledges of equal rights for Jews were unaffected. Individual Jews could go abroad where and when they pleased. "Like all Moroccan citizens," Secretary of State for Information Abdallah Ibrahim told a press conference, "Jews are free to obtain a passport and leave Morocco." The WJC received similar assurances. But the Moroccans also told the WJC they would not tolerate "organized" emigration of the kind sponsored by *Kadimah*. Morocco is a new, underdeveloped country. It has economic difficulties. It requires stability. The Jews, one of the most skilled elements in the nation, are therefore needed. We will not hold any Jew by force if he wishes to leave, the authorities said, but we certainly will not permit an outside organization to promote and provoke such departures. Especially not to Israel. We are not hostile to the Jewish state. But Israel is in conflict with the Arab states. Though we follow an independent policy, we do have historical, spiritual and religious ties with Israel's enemies. Thus we cannot tolerate an open, organized campaign to increase her fighting manpower.

Objectively, it might be argued that there was merit in such a position—especially since Morocco, as an Arab state herself and not yet completely at ease in her new relationship with France and the West, could hardly be expected to conduct an *anti*-Arab policy and cut herself off entirely from friends whom she might need if her connections with France turned completely bad. Proof of her good will would depend on the fidelity with which she implemented her promises that *individual* Jews would at least meet no hindrances if they desired to leave.

It is painful to report, therefore, that no such implementation followed. Top government officials would blandly assure correspondents and international Jewish envoys that Jews could have passports for the mere asking, just like anyone else. But far down on the local administrative level, where the passports had to be handed out, officials refused outright or set up a Byzantine system of pretexts and delays, depending on the whim and digestion of the bureaucrat in charge. A well-dressed Jew, a man of obvious affairs, might occasionally obtain a passport for a trip to Paris on business or a journey for health or recreation. But if a Jew turned up with five to twelve children, all of them ragged, the bureaucrat automatically—and accurately, in most cases—concluded that their true destination was Israel, and the application went into a pigeon-hole. It needed no official document—though at least one was available—to demonstrate that this singular unanimity in the lower echelons, despite assertions to the contrary from on high, was produced by official order rather than coincidence.

INEVITABLY, a policy which was in effect turning Morocco into a prison for anyone yearning for Israel had two results. It raised geometrically the numbers of those who wanted to go—and it spurred the creation of an illicit apparatus to accommodate them. This reporter is not telling the Moroccan authorities anything they do not already know when he records here that, bit by bit, some semblance of an underground network was slowly developed; Moroccan Jews who had been associated with *Kadimah* when its non-Moroccan ex-

ecutives were expelled were recruited into the new system; emissaries from abroad found new volunteers; waystations, relay points and ports of exit were set up—and before long a sporadic but substantial march was in progress again.

Eventually the operation overreached itself. The breaking-point came in the Tangier area. Jews from widely scattered parts of the country, from cities in the center and even from villages in the far South, began purposefully turning up there. They came too fast, and they went out too slowly. They filled one hotel, then two, then three, and then they overflowed. From 80 they became 200 and then a thousand. A system for provisioning them collapsed. Police attention was attracted. The local community was called in to help feed the indigent squatters. The JDC answered an appeal for regular food shipments. The whole situation grew too notorious. Worse, the underground directors lost their grip. Some of them disappeared—either arrested or replaced. Morale in the emigrant shelters sagged. Convoys heading for the frontier grew too large or otherwise conspicuous. The Tangier police were relatively complaisant, but not the police of Tetuan, whose chief brimmed over with an excess of zeal. The result was the arrest of the convoy on the Tetuan road last October. Early this year, a villa near the country club in Tangier excited interest because of its sudden occupancy by some 80 Jews who could hardly be mistaken for golfers. Its residents were put under surveillance, some ten persons suspected of being organizers were jailed, and police have been watching it ever since in hopes of getting further leads. Again the community and the JDC were called in to maintain the stranded colony. (The Tangier and Tetuan relief operations represent the only link the JDC has had with the emigration, and both have been by approval of the authorities.) Feeling they have nothing to return to in their original localities, the Tangier-Tetuan groups are still holed up and stagnating, burdened down by an increasing conviction they have been "abandoned."

The crescendo of illegal emigration goaded the Moroccan regime to angry acts and ill-considered declarations. For a time exit visas were required in addition to passports for departure from the country. Even Moslems were hindered in leaving. The director of the ORT school in Tetuan was shadowed in the absurd hope that he might somehow conduct the police to the master minds of the underground. The director of JDC in Morocco, who shuttled back and forth between there and Warsaw because he also supervised the Joint's program in Poland, was searched from stem to stern at the Casablanca airport. Mohammed Laghzaoui, chief of Morocco's security police, fulminated to all visitors that no Jew would ever get to Israel again. The official *Istiqlal* line became that the underground was actually forcing Moroccan Jews to go to Israel, where they then were subjected to the indignities of second-class citizenship. In a remarkable and ominous declaration last November, no less a personage than Consultative Assembly President ben Barka warned that "artificial" emigration would set Moslems against Jews remaining in the country. "The latter," he said, "are the ones who suffer because they risk becoming the victims of anti-Semitism."

SUCH AN ARGUMENT would seem to suggest that, even without the "provocation" of mass flight, Morocco was not the safest place in the world for Jews. On other occasions ben Barka, who normally has his head screwed straight on his shoulders, even found it proper to assert publicly that any Jew

who wished to leave Morocco was guilty of "treason." The fact is, of course, that many reasons for emigration exist without any reference to political loyalties. To cite only a few: Since independence, the economic distress which has deepened in the entire country has especially affected the Jews; many of their French or Jewish employers have left Morocco; the general French community which supported many Jewish trades and crafts has dwindled; Jews have lost their economic position as liaison between Moslem and European. Emigration has reduced the strength of Jewry in smaller communities, causing a movement to the congested urban centers and creating islands of insecurity in the hinterland. There is the further fact that scarcely a family in Morocco does not already have a relative in Israel, with whom those left behind have expected or hoped to be reunited.

But it must be conceded that, deep down, the fundamental drive behind the urge to depart is a crisis of confidence in Morocco's capacity to develop the mature quality of tolerance. It is not necessary to stage a pogrom to sow the seed of uncertainty. On the contrary, *certainty* is the seed that is difficult to plant in such a soil, even with the best of intentions and performance. As long as there is doubt, emigration to Israel—from the Zionist point of view—is only elemental prudence. Morocco, the advocates of departure admit, is not likely to imitate Egypt tomorrow. But they recall that only a few short years ago, nobody expected Egypt either to do what Egypt has now done.

As we have seen, however, there are Jews in Morocco who deny and denounce this reasoning. Some are mere parrots of official doctrine, ready even to echo the absurdity that illegal emigration has been drummed up by main force and systematic dupery. But there are some earnest men in Moroccan Jewry who feel Jewish organizations abroad should exert pressure to suspend further underground railway operations. Among this group one finds two levels of valor. The lower appeal is based on fear, stressing the point that illegality reduces the likelihood of Moroccan consent to renewed legality and increases the possibility of Moslem rancor. The higher appeal contains a note of grandeur.

Nobody is safe anywhere in this troubled world, the argument goes, not even in Israel. Not even in Britain or the United States, it continues, any more than one was truly safe in Imperial or Weimar Germany. It behooves Jews in America and elsewhere to cease describing Morocco as a country which is lost, and Israel should cease describing North Africa as a Jewish "refugee" reservoir. Such doctrines only soften the North African Jew's fibre and harden the resistances around him, the anti-Zionists maintain. It is the duty of free men, they say, to fight for their freedom where they are—to spread freedom, or at least to try, rather than surrender it. Advocates of this position in Morocco do not shrink from the possible consequences. Yes, it may all be futile, they concede. We may perish or be dispersed in the end. But if so, we shall go down with honor. And no combat for right and justice is ever totally vanquished.

NOT EVEN the loftiest among those who are against "flight," however, will ratify the Moroccan government's present obstructionism on legal emigration. Here the zealous integrationist makes common cause with the ardent Zionist. The right of citizenship, articulate Moroccan Jewry unanimously holds, implies the right to renounce that citizenship. Moroccan Moslem protestations of equality for all will ring

hollow so long as the Jew receives second-class treatment at the passport office.

There is apparently some justifiable hope that the Rabat regime is about to see the light. An awareness seems to be growing that the desire to leave any territory is only accentuated when fences are built. Panic turns potential citizens into potential escapees if the fences grow to the height of prison walls. The World Jewish Congress, the American Jewish Committee and others have not allowed the Moroccans to miss the point that emigration from nearby Tunisia has measurably decreased since President Habib Bourguiba professed that he wanted no one to remain in Tunisia whose heart was elsewhere. The occasion late last year of Mohammed V's state visit to the United States was not fully employed because of congenital tendencies in Washington to conceal unpleasant truths when courting Arab rulers. Nevertheless, the monarch and his entourage suffered some useful exposure to the climate in America, retaining memories of it when they returned home. Representations by World Jewry this time found a Moroccan willingness to concede that individual emigration was in effect being banned and to contemplate the desirability of adhering to the prescription contained in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights—that every man has the right to leave any country, including his own.

In Morocco, like many other Oriental states, changes are made with violent speed or else with infinite languor. Negotiations for a change in emigration policy had to be patiently conducted this winter and spring with a multitude of officials, the ground being freshly covered with each additional interlocutor. It became reasonably evident that the mood inclined toward opening the doors again. The groups in Tangier and Tetuan might be permitted to proceed to France—after which Morocco would have no further involvement in their itinerary. Individual passport restrictions would be lifted by administrative decree — though there might be some "liberal" quota set for maximum departures monthly. Gingerly, it was suggested from the Jewish side that some sort of organization—pledged to avoid all propaganda and promotion—ought to be authorized to look after those cases where poverty or lack of worldliness might otherwise immobilize a genuinely "spontaneous" candidate for emigration. In the main, the atmosphere seemed favorable and agreement near — when suddenly the government fell. In a flash the Moroccan negotiators were bereft of their authority or hurried away to more urgent preoccupations. After a long governmental hiatus, new authorities were established and the stage for resumption of parleys presumably set. At this writing and distance, it was not known how much of the ground already won would have to be retravelled.

WHILE the untrammeled right of free departure has been the legitimate concern of Moroccan and world Jewry, however, the struggle for the right to remain and be counted has received fresh recruitment. A movement of vigorous youth is burgeoning in the major cities. Based on a network of *"centres communitaires,"* this trend shuns the exclusivism of both the integrationist and escapist camps. It combines a genuine enthusiasm for the possibilities of complete Moroccan nationality with a proud awareness of Jewish values. These young people and their young leaders provide an invigorating contrast to the lassitude or dogmatism of many of their elders. Their horizon is the world, but not a world to which Morocco is alien. They seek a place for

Morocco and a place in Morocco—and their number and élan are growing with each day.

They may yet succeed. When one considers the Moroccan Jewry of a generation ago, with its mellahs and its medievalism, the mere existence of such a Jewish youth movement today is sufficiently miraculous to justify a belief in the possibility of still further miracles. Much of the magic can be directly credited to the majestic works of such institutions as the *Alliance Israelite* and the American Joint Distribution Committee. Perhaps the key to a secure and positive Moroccan Jewish future lies in the lessons taught by these and other great agencies and by the evidence of their results. They have consecrated their funds and energies to the bodies and minds of Jews, and to the sinews of the native Jewish institutions around them. Whether his decision eventually is to stay or to go, the youth growing into a man under such influences will be far better equipped than his father to make the choice—and bring positive benefits to the society he chooses. Planning for the future of a Moroccan Jewry containing such excellent human elements cannot exclude prudence and precaution. Neither can it exclude hope.

Nightmare

ISABELLA FEY

And when, as in our separate dreams,
The great lions actually come,
Will they be majestically dumb
To our accompanying screams?

Or will it be night,
And us killed first by sleep,
And the streets easily taken
By feet too knowing to waken
The sleepers to fatal fright,
While dimmed municipal lights
Illumine the time of beasts
Walking gravely up and down
On errands of swift death
Through the unsuspecting town?

In the Winter 1958 issue of *Midstream* we published LESLIE FIEDLER's essay "The Breakthrough", dealing with the American Jewish novelist and the fictional image of the Jew from the end of the 20's to date. In the present essay, Mr. Fiedler traces the development of the American Jewish novel from its beginnings through the 20's. Both essays will be published in pamphlet form this Fall.

Genesis: The American-Jewish Novel Through the Twenties

By LESLIE A. FIEDLER

THE NOVEL in which the Jewish writer attempts to make meaningful fiction of his awareness of himself as a Jew in America remains for a long time of merely parochial interest. In the first fifty years of such writing, only four novelists emerge whose work seems worth remembering; yet even of these none is mentioned in the most recent standard history of the American novel. The omission does not arise from ignorance or discrimination; it is a matter of simple justice. The fiction of Sidney Luska, Abraham Cahan, Ludwig Lewisohn and Ben Hecht appears in retrospect not merely to fall short of final excellence, but to remain somehow irrelevant to the main lines of development of fiction in the United States.

For American Jews, their achievement has, of course, a symptomatic, a historical importance since they act as surrogates for the whole Jewish-American community in its quest for an identity, a symbolic significance on the American scene. Such early novelists begin to establish an image of the Jew capable not only of satisfying the Jews themselves but also of representing them to their Gentile neighbors. The writing of the American-Jewish novel is essentially, then, an act of assimilation: a demonstration that there is an American Jew (whose Jewishness and Americanism enrich each other) and that he feels at home!

The striving of Jews to become in the United States not merely facts of the census but also of the imagination is only half of a double process that must be seen whole to be understood at all. As the Jewish writer goes out in search of himself, he encounters the Gentile writer on a complementary quest to come to terms with the Jew, the stranger in his land. Collaborators or rivals, whether willingly or not, Jewish fictionist and Gentile engage in a common enterprise. For a long time, indeed, it is hard for the Jewish novelist to compete with the Gentile in the creation of images of Jewishness. Ludwig Lewisohn's *The Island Within* may

not be recorded in the standard history, but *The Sun Also Rises* is; for it is a subtler and truer book, and Robert Cohn, middleweight boxing champion from Princeton, is a realler Jew than any of Lewisohn's. That he is the product of anti-Semitic malice rather than love is from a literary point of view irrelevant. For better or worse, it is Hemingway's image of the Jew which survives the twenties: an overgrown boyscout and hangdog lover—an outsider still even among outsiders and in self-imposed exile.

It is hardly surprising that as late as 1930, Gentile writers are more effective at representing American Jews than are Jews themselves; for behind them there is a longer tradition of working with the American scene, and even a longer experience in projecting images of the American Jew than we are likely to remember. The first Jewish character in American fiction is the creation of the first professional novelist in the United States, Charles Brockden Brown. In 1799, he published *Arthur Mervyn,* the protagonist of which, after two volumes of being buffetted by a stubbornly perverse destiny, finds himself with a haven in sight. Like the typical Brown hero, he is about to redeem his fortune by marriage to a woman mature and well-to-do; and like all such heroes, he addresses her more as a mother than as a bride—though this time with an overtone of terror. "As I live, my good mamma," he says gazing into the eyes of Achsa Fielding, "those eyes of yours have told me a secret. I almost think they spoke to me. . . . I might have been deceived by a fancied voice . . . but let me die if I did not think they said you were—a *Jew.*" "At this sound," the author tells us, "her features were instantly veiled with the deepest sorrow and confusion."

Arthur Mervyn has, indeed, guessed right, and for a moment the promised Happy Ending trembles in the balance; but Jewess or not, Mrs. Fielding offers too great a hope of security to be rejected, and Mervyn marries her. So sane and bourgeois a climax infuriated Shelley, who, though an admirer of Brockden Brown, could never forgive him for allowing his hero to desert an Anglo-Saxon "peasant girl" for a rich Jewish widow. Despite so prompt an appearance in American literature, however, the Jewish character does not immediately prosper, remaining an exotic or occasional figure until our own century. When present at all in classic American fiction, the image of the Jew is likely to appear, as it had in *Arthur Mervyn,* in female form—superficially just another variant of the Dark Lady, who is otherwise Mediterranean or vaguely "oriental" (though, indeed, the term seems sometimes a mere euphemism for Jewish) or even Negro. The Ruth of Melville's long narrative poem *Clarel* or the Miriam of Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* are, like Brockden Brown's prototype, dark projections of sexual experience or allure, foils to the pale, Anglo-Saxon maiden. Though objects of great erotic potency, they do not ordinarily survive to their book's endings, being death-ridden as well as death-bearing; but are consigned to imprisonment or an early grave.

THE AMERICAN writer is attracted toward the archetypal pattern of Shylock and Jessica, the sinister Jew deprived of his lovely daughter; but he cannot treat it with the comic aplomb of Shakespeare or even the Romantic blitheness of Scott. In his work, a tragic blight falls over the Gentile myth of assimilation, the dream of rescuing the desirable elements in the Judaic tradition (maternal tenderness and exotic charm: the figure of Mary) from the unsympathetic (patriarchal rigor and harsh legalism: the figure of the High

Priest and Father Abraham). Indeed, except as the threatening guardians of sloe-eyed ambiguous beauties, male Jewish characters seldom make more than peripheral appearances in earlier American fiction. There are neither American Riahs or Fagins; though one of the villains in George Lippard's *The Quaker City, or the Monks of Monk Hall* is called, unsubtly enough, Solomon von Gelt.

This novel, an astonishing blend of homegrown socialism, violence and genteel pornography, appeared in 1848 and won rapidly an immense number of readers, who probably did not single out the lone Jew from the crew of thugs who run a Gothic whorehouse for the offhours amusement of Philadelphia's respectable citizens. Yet it is not unimportant that in the nightmare phantasmagoria of the populist imagination run wild—among the hunchback dwarfs, deaf and dumb Negroes, corrupt clergymen and millionaires gloating over the bared breasts of drugged virgins—the figure of the hawk-nosed, conniving Jew takes his due place. Solomon von Gelt is the ancestor of the fictional Jewish gangster, the Wolfsheim, say, of Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*.

Long before the Jewish novelist existed in America, at any rate, the Jewish character had been invented, and had frozen into the anti-Jewish stereotype. Indeed, one of the problems of the practicing Jewish-American novelist arises from his need to create his protagonists not only out of the life he knows, but *against* the literature on which he, and his readers, have been nurtured. In order to become a novelist, the American Jew must learn a language (learn it not as his teachers teach it, but as he speaks it with his own stubborn tongue) more complex than a mere lexicon of American words. He must assimilate a traditional vocabulary of images and symbols, changing even as he approaches it—must use it, against the grain as it were, to create a compelling counter-image of the Jew, still somehow authentically American.

No wonder Jews are not only business men and workers, trade-union officials and lawyers, psychoanalysts and theatre-owners, but even actors, singers, musicians, composers of popular songs and makers of movies before they are writers. First the world of work and commerce, then of the professions, next that of popular culture—and only last of all, that of serious literature opens up to the American Jew. He can make the nation's songs like Irving Berlin or define its dream of the vamp like Theda Bara; he can even provide the *ersatz* of fiction like Fannie Hurst or Edna Ferber, act out for the laughs travesties of himself on the vaudeville stage with Smith and Dale or in the *Saturday Evening Post* with Montague Glass's Potash and Perlmutter. On such a level he speaks neither as a Jew becoming an American nor as an American who was a Jew; he communicates in the non-language of anti-culture, becomes his own stereotype. It is for this reason that the popular arts in the United States continue to this day to speak with a stage "Jewish accent." This is, however, only one more hindrance in the way of the serious Jewish writer, who must come to terms not only with Achsa Fielding and Solomon von Gelt, but also with Sophie Tucker and Eddie Cantor.

Yet even before the triumph of the Jews in the world of mass culture, even before the perfection of the movies which sealed that victory, the Jewish-American novel had been created, the Jewish-American writer invented. The author of this achievement was, however, a *goy*—one of the most elusive and riddling figures in all American literature. He emerges in the 1880's out of

those rather highminded, assimilationist circles in German-Jewish New York, in which Ethical Culture seemed to promise a revivifying intellectual movement, at once secular and morally committed, Jewish and American. The name on the title pages of his "Jewish" books *(As it was Written, Mrs. Peixada, The Yoke of the Thorah* etc.) is Sidney Luska, a pseudonym obviously intended to suggest that the writer was himself Jewish; but he had apparently been born Henry Harland, a Protestant American, as discontented with his past, as uncertain of his identity as any alienated Jew. There is a certain appropriate irony in the fact that the first Jewish-American novelist was not a Jew at all, or that, more precisely, he was the creation of his own fiction, an imaginary Jew.

IT IS NOT easy to find the truth about so elusive an existence. Henry Harland was above all else an inveterate poseur, a liar who lied for his soul's sake; and the ordinary biographical sources are likely to contain whatever fabrication suited his view of himself at the moment he was asked for information. The ordinarily quite dependable *Dictionary of National Biography,* for instance, reports that Harland was born in St. Petersburg, that he was educated in Rome and studied at the University of Paris, "acquiring a knowledge of the life of the Latin Quarter"; the groundless romance of a provincial aesthete. Actually, he seems to have been born in Connecticut, to have moved early in life to New York, to have attended the Harvard Divinity School for one year—and then to have fallen under the influence of Felix Adler, who changed his whole life.

There still exists in my own mind a vestigial doubt (unsupported by any fact I have been able to discover) that Luska-Harland may, after all, have been a Jew pretending to be a Gentile pretending to be a Jew; it would be the best joke of all! More probably, however, he was a refugee from Protestantism who passed via Ethical Culture into the German-Jewish society of late nineteenth century New York, and who tried even growing what he liked to think of as a "Jewish beard" to pass for a Jew. His books are Jewish not only in theme and point of view, but are meticulously documented with references to Jewish-American customs and to the rituals of Judaism. In one of his novels, the pursuit of verisimilitude (or exoticism!) is carried to the point of printing the name of God only as the two letter abbreviation used in Hebrew to avoid profaning the Holy Name.

Though he is now almost forgotten, Luska was in his own day a success, hailed not only by self-conscious spokesmen for Jewish culture, but greeted by William Dean Howells himself as one of the most promising younger realists. At the peak of his first fame, however, Luska committed a kind of suicide, becoming once again Henry Harland and fleeing America in one of the earliest acts of literary expatriation. He reappeared in England as the editor of *The Yellow Book,* chief journal of the *fin de siécle,* in which his own crepuscular prose (a new collection of his work was called *Grey Roses*) appeared beside the elegantly obscene decorations of Aubrey Beardsley. Harland proved to be a first-rate editor, printing, among other representatives of the advanced literature of his time, Henry James, who responded with a grateful tribute to Harland's own fiction; but his old schizoid doubts about who he was were not allayed by his new role.

During his entire term on the magazine, he wrote letters to himself signed "The Yellow Dwarf," attacking his own editorial policy. Only he knew the

identity of this constant critic, and relished, as he had before, his own secret duplicity. Still restless, however, he felt impelled to move once more, this time quite out of anglosaxondom, to France, where he was converted to Catholicism, and ended by writing a best-seller called *The Cardinal's Snuff-box*. This piece of pseudo-aristocratic, pious fluff, whose title reveals its appeal for the provincials Harland had left behind, earned him $75,000 in its first year and enabled him to live out his life in elegant conversation amid the elegant bricabrac of pre-World War I Europe.

In his final reincarnation, he was asked once by a reporter about Sidney Luska and answered, "I never knew a Sidney Luska . . . ," and spoke of a nightmare, dimly remembered, from which he was now awakened. There is, indeed, something sufficiently night-marish about the whole episode, though it is from this nightmare that the Jewish novel in the United States begins. But what precisely did Henry Harland dream himself in that bad dream from which it took him so long to wake? He dreamed himself the excluded artist, poor, passionate, gifted and anti-bourgeois, offering to a world that rebuffed him the dowry of sensibility and insight amassed by an ancient, suffering race. For Harland, such mythic Jews seemed to promise the redemption of American culture, a revitalization of American life. But where were they to be found outside of his own books?

He thought, perhaps, that he had discovered the embodiment of his ideal in Felix Adler and in his own deepest self which Adler had revealed to him; but actually Harland's Jewish heroes seem to have been derived first of all from literature. The protagonist of his first book, *As it was Written: A Jewish Musician's Story,* seems to have been suggested by the Daniel Deronda of George Eliot, who was one of Harland's favorite writers. But that oddly sexless portrait of the female artist as a Young Jew he naturalized to the American scene, endowed him with a particularly American mission. "It is the Jewish element that will leaven the whole lump . . ." he writes in his novel. "The English element alone is, so to speak, one portion of pure water; the German element one portion of *eau sucrée;* now add the Jewish—it is a dose of rich strong wine. . . . The future Americans, thanks to the Jew in them, will have passions, enthusiasms. They will paint great pictures, compose great music, write great poems, be capable of great heroism. . . ." In such praise lurks an implicit threat. What if the Jew refuses the obligation, rejects even the assimilation which is the first step demanded of him in his role of secular savior?

HARLAND-LUSKA does not at first face up to this question; but there is present in his work from the start an undertone of hostility, lurking beneath the exaggerated philo-Semitism of the surface. Though his conscious mind writes the editorials that make the avowed point of his fictions, his ambivalent unconscious is writing the plots. Ernest Neuman, the artist of *A Jewish Musician's Story,* is only one half artist; the other half is murderer! He is a Jekyll and Hyde character not merely because the exigencies of Harland's Gothic plot demand it, but because the deeper exigencies of Harland's divided mind demanded that plot to begin with. Neuman is a schizophrenic, who has murdered his wife and remains unaware of it, who is consciously horrified and baffled until an experiment in automatic writing reveals to him, and to us, his guilt. This "new man," the new Jewish-American proposed as a symbol of assimilation, of the mating of the

Jewish and American psyche, ends by killing his Gentile bride and proves capable only of destruction.

In *Mrs. Peixada,* Harland does permit the mating of Gentile and Jew, though he returns to the pattern of Brockden Brown and makes his symbol of Judaism a woman. It is always easier to breach the barriers against intermarriage in the popular mind by permitting the assimilation of the forbidden group through the female rather than through the male. So in the earliest novel, marriages of aristocrats and lower class women were applauded, while the Lady who ran off with her groom was held up as an object of contempt; and so now in the movies, Marlon Brando is allowed a Japanese wife, but his abandoned Caucasian girl is forbidden anything more than sympathetic conversation with a Japanese male. At any rate, Mrs. Peixada represents the return of the Jessica-figure in her American form; though this time she is not only stained by sexual experience (she is a widow, of course, rather than anything less genteel), she is the murderer of her first husband. Legally, to be sure, she is innocent, having acted in self-defense against that husband, who is the monstrous projection of all the evil ever attributed by the Gentile mind to the Jew: a pawnbroker, "gaunt as a skeleton . . . a hawk's beak for a nose, a hawk's beak inverted for a chin —lips, two, thin, blue, crooked lines across his face, with yellow fangs behind them. . . ."

But there is worse to come. Though Luska was able to maintain in his mind not only Shylock and Jessica, but Daniel Deronda as well—nightmare and idealization in a dreamlike truce—none of those mythic figures could survive the intrusion of real Jews. Real Jews do, however, take over in *The Yoke of the Thorah,* which is perhaps the first genuine genre study of American-Jewish life in the new world. They are no longer mere projections of Anglo-Saxon self-hatred or guilt, these German-Jewish merchants of the eighties, eating, match-making, talking over the market. They are coarse, vulgar, platitudinous, loud, sentimental, gregarious, not saviors at all but only human beings; and the character who represents Harland moving among them shrivels and withdraws in their presence. But he cannot help listening to them, and catches for the first time (ironically, *loses* by catching) what is to be the real material of the Jewish writer.

> "Oh my daughter," Mrs. Morgenthau returned. "She works like a horse. . . . And such a *good* girl. Only nineteen years old and earns more than a hundred dollars a month. . . . She's grand. She's an angel."
>
> "Tillie's all wool from head to foot," put in Mr. Koch, "and a yard wide."
>
> "Such a brilliant musician," said Elias.
>
> "Musician," echoed her mother. "Well, I should say so. You ought to hear her play when she really knuckles down to it. Why you—you'd jump, you'd get so excited. The other night she was only drumming —for fun. I tell you what you do. You come around and call on us some evening."

Where now is the "rich strong wine"? Even music, which represented for Harland the essence of Jewish genius, becomes in such scenes bait in the matrimonial trap and matrimony itself merely an adjunct of business. Such an insight into the discrepancy between the traditional mission of the Jew and his actual accommodation to the American scene might have provided Harland the cue for genuine comedy or tragedy; it became instead merely the occasion for personal disillusion. It is hard to tell whether he is

more distressed because the Jews will not assimilate to his heroic, artistic ideal or because they have already assimilated to the actual values of the world around them. Their very vitality parodies the American mores they accept; and face to face with that vitality as it exists not in the imaginary artist but in the real businessman, Harland experiences only a desire to go away.

The divorce to which this desire will eventually lead him is already signalled in *The Yoke of the Thorah*. The fable is a simple one: a young Jew, talented but weak and superstitious, is bullied out of marrying a sensitive and beautiful Gentile girl by the chicanery of his uncle who is a Rabbi. He marries instead the gross daughter of a family of German-Jewish merchants; and having rejected a union with the Gentile world which would have redeemed him, dies lonely and disenchanted. His final gesture is to commit suicide in the middle of Central Park; but that gesture only acknowledges the fact that inwardly he had died long since. The publication of such a book by their former champion and literary hope apparently stirred the Jews of New York to bitterness. They had taken Harland in, and he had turned on them and attacked them—quite as their own writers would do in the years to come. That his attack was rooted in a burgeoning anti-Semitism, Harland himself did not at first realize; but he arose to defend himself in public forums at Jewish synagogues and temples, and even wrote a couple of other "Jewish" books, quite innocent of innuendo or offense.

He was, however, really through; he had exhausted Jewishness as a subject and as a mask, and was preparing for his next removal. In England and in France, he exiles the Jews from the center of his fiction to its periphery, and his last word on the subject is a casual sneer in the book that made his fortune. The words are put into the mouth of a lovely though improbable lady with an equally improbable Italian title, his gentle heroine: "The estate fell into the hands of the Jews, as everything more or less does sooner or later; and if you can believe me—they were going to turn the castle into . . . one of those monstrous, modern hotels, for other Jews to come to." The sentence foreshadows one theme of a somewhat later and certainly much greater expatriate American, with similar yearnings for orthodoxy and "the tradition."

> And the jew squats on the window sill, the owner,
> Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp.
>
> . . . On the rialto once
> The rats are underneath the piles.
> The Jew is underneath the lot.

The history of Henry Harland is, finally, even more ridiculous than pathetic, a success story in the end: From Rags to Riches, from Ethical Culture on the East Side to Roman Catholicism on the Riviera. Yet before his last metamorphosis, Harland had defined what was to be the obsessive theme of the American-Jewish novel through the twenties: the theme of intermarriage, with its ambiguous blending of the hope of assimilation and the threat of miscegenation. The tradition that begins with Luska-Harland descends in one line to *The Island Within* and in another to the Cohens and the Kelleys and *Abie's Irish Rose*.

It is self-evident that the Jewish-American novel in its beginnings must be a problem novel, and its essential problems must be those of identity and assimilation. The very concept of such a novel involves an attempt to blend two traditions, to contribute to the

eventual grafting of whatever still lives in Judaism on to an ever-developing Americanism. One cannot, however, propose to lose himself without raising the question of what the self is which may be surrendered or kept; and the Jewish-American writer who is, of course, almost necessarily non-orthodox finds a riddle in the place where he looks for an answer. *Is* there a Jewish identity which survives the abandonment of ghetto life and ghetto beliefs, which for so long defined the Jew? Or has the Jew left in Europe, along with the pain and squalor he fled, the possibility of any definition?

What is unexpected is that these problems be posed in terms of sexual symbols, that the Jewish-American novel before 1930 be erotic fiction. The approach to and retreat from the Gentile community, the profering of himself and the shying away out of fear of acceptance or rejection, becomes in the imagination of the Jewish writer a kind of wooing, an act of timid and virginal love. It becomes associated in his thinking with his attitude toward the new sexual freedom offered him by the breakdown of ghetto life, and with the erotic subject matter which takes a central place in art once religion has been replaced as the essential subject. The Jewish-American novelist begins his attempts at a moment when the triumphs of European naturalism make it possible for fiction in the United States to break through the taboos of gentility, when the anti-bourgeois writer in particular delights in portraying himself as the exponent of the instinctual life, as the lover.

There is a real pathos in the efforts of the Jewish intellectual to see himself as Don Juan, an essential vanity in his striving to embody current theories of sexual freedom. There is nothing, either in his own deepest traditions or in the stereotypes imposed on him by western fiction, to justify such a mythicization of himself: Shylock as Don Juan, Rashi as Don Juan, Daniel Deronda as Don Juan—they are all equally improbable. Yet it is in the role of passionate lover that the American-Jewish novelist sees himself at the moment of his entry into American literature; and the community with which he seeks to unite himself he sees as the *shikse.* Don Juan and the *shikse,* it is this legend, this improbable recasting of Samson and Delilah, which underlies American-Jewish fiction up to the end of the twenties.

THE EROTIC theme had already been proposed by Henry Harland, and it is taken up again by Abraham Cahan in *The Rise of David Levinsky,* certainly the most distinguished novel written by an American Jew before the 1930's. It is easy to forget the sense in which Cahan's book is a love-story, or more precisely a story of the failure of love; for superficially it is another up-from-the ghetto book, its concerns chiefly social. Indeed, it appeared in 1917, the year of the Russian Revolution, when for a little while it seemed possible that the dream of socialism might become a fact, and the Jew really assimilate to the emancipated Human Race instead of to the nation in which he happened to find himself. No wonder that even the more perspicuous critics were content to talk about *David Levinsky* as a social document: a commentary on the rise of the garment industry and its impact on American life; a study of the crisis in American-Jewish society when the first wave of German immigrants were being overwhelmed by Jews from Galicia and the Russian Pale; a case-history of the expense of spirit involved in changing languages and cultures; a portrayal of New World secularism which made of City College a Third Temple, and of

Zionism and Marxism enlightened religions for those hungry for an orthodoxy without God.

Certainly, *David Levinsky* is all these things, as it is also the account of a Jew who dissipated the promise of his life in the pursuit of wealth; it is a rich and complex book, a retrospective and loving essay on the failures of his people by a man nearly sixty when he wrote it. An anti-Semitic book, the conservative Jewish reviewers blindly called it: "Had the book been published anonymously, we might have taken it for cruel caricature of a hated race by some anti-Semite. . . ." It is to remain the typical response of the "guardians of the Jewish Community" to any work which treats with art and candor the facts of Jewish life in the United States. Both the traditions of the European naturalist novel, on which Cahan really drew, and those of the American novel, to which he aspired, prescribe for the author a "negative" attitude toward the philistine society around him; and as a Jew he found especially abhorrent the drift of his own people, the chosen remnant, toward delusive bourgeois values. The disenchantment that became anti-Semitism in the imaginary Jew, Harland, becomes in Cahan a prophetic rage which is really love, an apparent treason which is the profoundest loyalty. In this respect, he remains the model for all serious Jewish-American novelists.

His ultimate subject is, aptly enough, loneliness: the loneliness of the emancipated Jew, who has lost the shared alienation of the ghetto to become a self-declared citizen of a world which rejects even as it rewards him. The unique loneliness of the "successful" immigrant Jew, however, suggests to Cahan the common human loneliness of those who have failed at love; and in the end it is hard to tell with which loneliness his book is primarily concerned. It is with the melancholy of David Levinsky that the novel begins; he came to America, he tells us, with four cents in his pocket and has now $2,000,000, but his life is "devoid of significance." To explain his joylessness David has certain theories. It is all due, he insists, to "a streak of sadness in the blood of my race"; to be a Jew is to be sad! But he asserts, too, that it is his wealth and the devices by which he has pursued it that have cut him off from the sources of happiness: "There are cases when success is a tragedy."

Yet Cahan makes the point with some care that David is only *incidentally* a capitalist, that he is not fundamentally different from other immigrant Jews of his generation who have become trade-unionists and socialists; what is peculiar in his development has occurred almost by accident. "Had I chanced to hear a socialist speech," he says at one point, "I might have become an ardent follower of Karl Marx." Instead he read Spencer and Darwin! What, then, is *essentially* wrong with David? Cahan does not answer unequivocally, but at times at least he suggests that he is somehow sexually or affectively incapacitated; that no boy brought up in the Talmudic tradition "that to look at the finger of a woman in desire is equivalent to seeing her whole body naked" can enter into the full heritage of modernity, which includes an ideal of sexual freedom as well as the hope of a classless society. Like Peretz, he considers the vestiges of ghetto Puritanism one of the hindrances that stand between the Jew and his full humanity.

Each failure of David Levinsky at winning a woman (and the book is in effect a tally of such failures) is given a symbolic social meaning. He does not get Matilda, his first love whom he

desires while still in Europe, because he is not yet sufficiently emancipated from his Talmudic training; he cannot keep Dora, the wife of a friend with whom he carries on an inconclusive affair, because he has stepped outside of the Jewish family and cannot smuggle his way back in; he cannot win Anna Tevkin, young socialist and daughter of an eminent Hebrew poet, because he has learned to sing *The Star Spangled Banner* with tears in his eyes, because he is a "Good American."

But for all his "Americanism," he remains still in some baffling sense a Jew, and is therefore forbidden the possibility of marrying a Gentile. His last real chance at love seems, indeed, to be offered him by a Gentile woman "of high character," who all but proposes to him; yet at the last moment he feels between them "a chasm of race." There is always something! Though he cannot abide loneliness and prowls the streets ("I dream of marrying some day. I dread to think of dying a lonely man. Sometimes I have a spell of morbid amativeness and seem to be falling in love with woman after woman. . . ."), it is no use; some deep impotence dogs him. They are not symbols only, these failed love affairs of David Levinsky; they are real failures of the flesh and spirit, failures of a Jew in love with love and money.

IN LUDWIG LEWISOHN and Ben Hecht, the two most admired Jewish novelists of the twenties, the erotic theme is restated in exaggerated, almost hysterical tones. There is something about their work not merely brash and provocative (this they intended), but vulgar and crude; and it becomes hard to remember that they seemed once the most promising of young novelists, before one was translated into a prophet of the new Zion and the other into a maker of successful movies. "More gross talent than net accomplishment," a disgruntled critic finally said of Hecht, and the phrase will do for Lewisohn, too. They chose to begin with such different masks, the Professor and the reporter, that it is difficult to see how much they had in common, how both contrived sexual melodramas to project the plight of the Jew in the Jazz Age. A pair of titles, however, Lewisohn's *Don Juan* (1923) and Hecht's *A Jew in Love* (1931), frame the period and define its chief concern.

Unlike Cahan, who preceded them, and the Proletarian novelists, who were to follow them, Lewisohn and Hecht are hostile to Marxism; and the Marxists (most of them Jewish, of course) who appear in their books are portrayed as self-deceivers, attempting to conceal their personal anguish behind an artificial fog of socialist cant. The secular Jewish prophet honored by Hecht and Lewisohn is not Marx but Freud; and the secular religion to which they respond is what they call Freudianism, though, like many intellectuals in their time, they were not quite sure where Freud ends and D. H. Lawrence begins. Psychoanalysis seemed to them primarily one more device for mocking the middleclass, one more source for arguments in defense of sexual emancipation. Beyond this, their interest remained superficial. Lewisohn's novel, *The Island Within*, contains what is probably the most unconvincing psychoanalyst in literature; and manages to tuck away an utterly improbable description of an analysis, somewhere between its "epical" beginning and the little sermon on mixed marriages with which it ends.

Their common devotion to Eros and to Freud as his prophet, Lewisohn and Hecht develop in quite different ways. Lewisohn sets his in a context of belated German Romanticism, from

which he derives a mystique of passion somehow synthesized with internationalism, pacifism and a Crocean commitment to art. Hecht, on the other hand, adjusts his to a provincial version of *symbolisme,* which means for him a dedication to disorder and cynicism in art and life. Celebrated in his day as a new American Huysman, he has become for us undistinguishable from the pressroom heroes of his *Front Page,* flip hard-guys to whom whiskey is the Muse and Chicago the Earthly Paradise. Lewisohn typically identifies himself with his protagonists, harried by women and bourgeois taboos, but pledged to fight for freedom with the sole weapon of art; Hecht presumably separates himself from the scoundrels who are the heroes of his books, though he covertly sympathizes with their amoral contempt for decency and tenderness.

The leading characters of both, though presumably intellectuals, are notable not for their ideas but for their efforts, successful or baffled, to find in themselves the demonic, impulsive sources of life. In this they are the authentic products of their age, though uneasy projections of their Jewish authors. What has a Jew to do finally with the primitivism and phallic mysticism which possessed the era? Only when he revolts not merely against philistinism but against his own most authentic traditions can he espouse such a cause. It is illuminating to remember that writers like D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson, the real highpriests of the erotic religion, portrayed Jews in their fiction as natural enemies of the primitive ideal, antitypes of the passionate hero: cold, cerebral, incapable of the dark surrender of the self.

It is true enough that when Lewisohn uses *Don Juan* as a book-title he does so ironically, and that he somehow feels obliged to pretend (however unconvincingly) that his protagonist is not a Jew; but he is all the while *living* the role in his own much-publicized life. In the news and gossip columns as well as in the pages of his novels, Lewisohn concentrated on justifying his love life—with time off for belaboring the poor women who failed him and the divorce laws which hampered his style. The only subject to which Lewisohn responds in his fiction with real fervor, the single spring of his creative work, is his own sex life desperately projected as typical.

The Island Within, his attempt at a major novel, opens with a manifesto declaring his epic ambitions and defending them against the proponents of the novel of sensibility, just then replacing the older, objective form. His declared intent is esthetically reactionary enough, but he cannot abide even by that; before the book is half over, he has abandoned the broad-canvas portrayal of three generations of Jewish life in Poland and Germany for a more intimate evocation of modern marital difficulties, for his usual blend of self-pity and editorial. No sooner has he reached America, then he heads for the bedroom, the old battle ground on which the sensitive Jew, a psychoanalyst this time, still struggles with the *shikse* (in the teeth of public opinion and benighted law) for the possession of his own soul.

HECHT, on the other hand, goes immediately to his theme—in this case not a direct exculpation of himself but the satirizing of another, a successful Jew. When the book first appeared, it was read as a *roman a clef;* and those in the know were more than willing to let the ignorant in on the secret of who Joe Bosshere, the publisher-protagonist, *really* was. At this point, when we no longer care about such revelations, it becomes clear

that the book is more than a wicked jibe at an identifiable public figure; it is a work of inspired self-hatred: a portrait of the Jewish author as his own worst (Jewish) enemy. At any rate, the hero of Hecht's novel, whose original name was Abe Nussbaum, juggles a wife, a mistress, a whore whom he really loves, the wife of a good friend in a frenzy of erotic machiavellianism, behind which there is no real desire. He braces himself for each sexual encounter with an energy so neurotically tense that it is dissipated by a knock at the door, a chance remark, the slightest shift in affective tone. What drives him is not passion but the need to force from the world unwilling avowals of love for his absurdly horrifying Jewish face. Bosshere-Nussbaum is portrayed by Hecht as the caricature of the anti-Semite come to life: not merely the Jew, but the nightmare of the Jew (as hawkbeaked and vulpine as Mr. Peixada) as Don Juan.

Of all the women he has possessed without desire, the one to whom Bosshere most desperately clings is, of course, the single *shikse* among them: the pure blonde tantalizing image of a world which all of his assaults and betrayals cannot make his own. Toward her he is impelled by something deeper than sadism and self-hatred, by what Hecht calls brutally "the niggerish delight of the Jew in the blonde." If he is defeated in the end, however, it is not because of the resistance of his *shikse* so much as because of his own inability to accept himself as the seducer and scoundrel. "To himself he was only this greedy, monogamous Jew full of biblical virtues. . . ." To himself he was only the child of his people, not a great lover but a martyr to women, who cries out finally in the unexpected scriptural allusion, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me," and does not know whether he is invoking Eros or the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

This is implicitly at least a self-criticism of the Jewish intellectual that cuts much deeper than personal satire, but it is marred by an imprecision of language and an uncertainty of tone that ends in incoherence. Lewisohn is explicit, however pat and superficial, and in *The Island Within* (actually published three years before *A Jew in Love*) he gives to the erotic-assimilationist novel its final form. Arthur Levy, the protagonist of Lewisohn's novel, never abandons his vocation as a lover; he merely transfers his desire from the representative of an alien world to the symbol of his own people, thus reinforcing a battered Romantic faith in sexual passion with an equally romantic commitment to Zionism. As he has earlier combined the advocacy of sexual freedom with a vaguely internationalist humanism, so now he combines it with a revived Judaism, adapted to the modern scientific mind.

He pretends, indeed, to find in the Jewish tradition sanctions for his view of love. Is not Jewish divorce, he asks rhetorically, easier than Christian? Were not the Jews always skeptical about the notion of marriage as a sacrament? Have Jewish women historically not represented a *tertium quid:* neither servile like the slave-women of the Anglo-Saxon world before modern times, nor hopelessly lost like the "emancipated" Gentile women of the current era? Have they not remained at the heart of the tradition the Jewish intellectual has temporarily abandoned, waiting to bestow on him when he returns the warm fulfillment he has vainly sought in strangers? We have come full circle from Cahan's view of ghetto Judaism as a castrating force.

But Lewisohn is prepared to go even further than this, from a defense of Zion as the true Eros, to an attack on

the Gentile woman as the false Aphrodite. It has all been the fault of the *shikse* and of the Jewish intellectual only so far as he has become her victim. It is no longer the Gentile world which rejects the Jew in Lewisohn's fiction (that world is, indeed, eager to draw him in and suck him dry), but the Jew who rejects it—even as Arthur Levy rejects the hope of assimilation and sets out at his story's end back to Europe, back to his people's past, to investigate the plight of his fellow-Jews in Rumania.

We have reached at last the reverse of Harland-Luska's theory in *The Yoke of the Thorah;* Jessica has yielded to Delilah. Not by rejecting the Gentile girl for the Jewish one but by preferring her, the sensitive Jew commits spiritual suicide. The *shikse* represents no longer the promise of fulfillment, of a blending of cultures, but only the threat of death, of the loss of identity. The reversal, however, like the original thesis, remains a little too pat, more suited for sermonizing than poetry; at any rate, in neither case did the authors make of their themes moving and memorable fictions. Yet with Lewisohn's establishment of the anti-stereotype in its classic form something has been accomplished, that is to say, the last possibility of the erotic-assimilationist novel has been exhausted. His novel rests like a melancholy capstone on the whole period which reaches from the Eighties to the dying Twenties, a monument to an unsuccessful quest by whose example later writers have profited. After *The Island Within,* the Jewish-American novelist knew at least one direction in which he could not go.



from Havdalah

By NAPHTALI KUPFERBERG

Cut and run.
Love and stay
Till you are asked to leave.
Grieve not the living that in the cool grass lie
That on the friezed ground
Spy the waves of Autumn rolling, rolling from the West.
Mourn rather the hot, the recent, the down there dead
Cast to Sheol and fixed in nothingness forever
O deadened amber clear and clutching for the screaming fly!

Solomon said that many years ago.
When those words were still O pure
And passing fragile.
Like the timeliness evoked by clustered and by branched snow
O soughing Menorahs of silence!
Crystal and burning (O all our orange Hanukahs)
Seen for a moment when the eye is shocked to dreams
From streets plunged in blue, lifted to low buildings
In great Russian squares (expansive and contained)
That the moon and the snow, cover with their silver
And black are the stones, O black beneath the iron
And sharp is the wind. Sharp within its circuit
And clear is the night. Clear in its longing
And piercing are the stars. High in their overwhelming sky
Undoing consonant: The Outer stable dark;
The splendid turning inner light

It is the last century's wind
It is the stars of our grandfathers
It is the light of the previous world
It is the longing of children
And of all the good, gone before
And gone and gone
O gone and gone away
O gone away forever

The Big Giver

By WALLACE MARKFIELD

DRAFT: INVITATION TO LARCHDALE CONTRIBUTORS

Dear .....:

This is a special occasion.

For on May 28th, at the Big Lawn Country Club, we of the Larchdale Jewish community will have the chance to pay well deserved and long overdue tribute to Lionel E. Resnick. He's president of Pru Frock Co., and a man who's given so much of himself to so many civic and philanthropic causes we couldn't begin to list them in so short a space.

At the same time, we'll be able to reaffirm our support of the Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities, where Mr. Resnick has done such a magnificent job as honorary vice-chairman of the Northeast Region. For this year, CCJL must raise $2,469,000 more than last year—to meet the cry for increased staff, increased services.

So please, while it's before you, send along the enclosed reservation card telling us to save a place. And we'll be looking forward to the pleasure of lifting a glass with you in Lionel's honor, come May 28th.

Cordially,
Chester Cohen
D. Dwight Kronenberg
Co-Chairmen

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Lionel E. Resnick, president of Pru Frock Co., and long prominent in Larchdale's civic and philanthropic endeavors, will be honored at a special dinner of the Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities (CCJL), to be held on May 28th, at Big Lawn Country Club, it was announced by Chester Cohen and D. Dwight Kronenberg, co-chairmen of the affair.

The Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities seeks to retrain, rehabilitate, and relocate those Jews in cities of less than 100,000 population who, within a three-mile area, have social, communal and religious ties with no more than four fellow-Jews.

Mr. Resnick, whose firm is one of the largest house-dress manufactur-

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WALLACE MARKFIELD's stories and essays have been published in *Partisan Review, The New Leader,* and other periodicals.

ing and merchandising organizations in the country, is also a director of the National House-Dress Manufacturer's Association. He has achieved wide recognition as an outstanding leader in various communal endeavors. Honorary vice-president of CCJL's Northeast Region, and vice-chairman of the National Council of the Board of Governors of the Jewish Capital Fund Drive, he is also a trustee of the Larchdale Jewish Community Center and a founder of the Big Lawn Country Club. He is married and has two daughters, Sharon, seventeen, and Rita, twelve.

DRAFT: PAGE TWO OF LARCHDALE INVITATION

> Withhold not help from the needy
> When it is in your power to render it
> Say not to your neighbor, "Go and come again;
> Tomorrow I will give" when you have it beside you. . . .
>
> Book of Proverbs

It is in this traditional spirit of Jewish philanthropy that we of Larchdale gather to render tribute to one amongst us who has served his neighbors, his community and his fellow-men with a devotion that few could match.

Good neighbor, earnest and generous worker for a host of humanitarian causes, Lionel E. Resnick has been an unfailing source of leadership and devotion over the years. Every great charitable and communal endeavor has derived the benefits of his dynamic leadership, his vision and his warm heart.

We, his friends and neighbors in Larchdale, take the opportunity of our annual dinner on behalf of the Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities to honor him. It is a deep pleasure to come together and wish him many, many more years of leadership and honor.

DRAFT: FOLLOW-UP ON LARCHDALE MAILING

Dear .....:

I know you've already received a letter about our Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities' dinner in honor of Lionel E. Resnick. As co-chairman of the event, however, I couldn't help but add my own personal invitation.

For Lionel—or "Labey," as he likes to be called—is just about one of the grandest guys around. Whenever a worthy cause has had need of a helping hand, of vision and dedicated leadership, "Labey" has spared neither time, nor energy, nor worldly goods. It seems to me that you and I and every other member of the Larchdale Jewish community can do no less than make this evening in his honor one he'll remember for a long, long time to come.

Many, many thanks. And please do this hard-working co-chairman the favor of sending along the enclosed reservation as quickly as possible.

Cordially,
Chester Cohen

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Reservations for Larchdale's Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities (CCJL) dinner in honor of Lionel E. Resnick are expected to top the two hundred mark, it was announced by Chester Cohen and D. Dwight Kronenberg, co-chairmen of the affair.

With three weeks remaining for the Big Lawn Country Club event, reservations have already passed the one hundred and forty peak, and the pace is expected to intensify within the next few days as the dinner committee gathers momentum for its clean-up phase.

Messrs. Cohen and Kronenberg cited this response as "heart-warming evidence of the esteem and admiration in which Lionel E. Resnick is held by his friends and associates." They went on to say that "it is indeed fitting for us to tender tribute to one amongst us whose life and works symbolize the very highest ideals and aspirations of the American Jewish community."

The Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities seeks to retrain, rehabilitate and relocate those Jews in cities of less than 100,000 population who, within a three-mile area, have social, communal and religious ties with no more than four fellow-Jews.

This year, CCJL seeks a total of $12,490,000—$2,469,000 more than was raised last year—to meet the pressing demands for increased staff and increased services.

DRAFT: FOLLOW-UP TO NON-RESPONDERS

Dear .....:

This is the kind of letter we hoped we wouldn't have to write.

For we were certain yours would be amongst the first reservations to our Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities' dinner in honor of Lionel E. Resnick. But, with only a few short weeks remaining, there's still no word from you.

Sure, we know it's all too natural to put these matters off till the very last possible minute. Please, though, won't you soothe the anxieties of these hard-working chairmen by sending out your reservations *now*. You couldn't ask for a more worthy cause, a finer guest of honor, or a better chance to join in a night of good fellowship and philanthropy.

Our thanks, and we'll be awaiting the pleasure of breaking bread with you, come May 28th.

Cordially,
Chester Cohen
D. Dwight Kronenberg
Co-Chairmen

DRAFT: SOLICITATION OF MEMBERS OF NATIONAL HOUSEDRESS ASSOCIATION

Dear .....:

"What's in a name?" the Bard of Avon asked.

Well, a name can mean many things to many men. But to those of us who make up the National Housedress Association, the name "Labey" means integrity, vision and leadership. It means Lionel E. Resnick, of Pru Frock Co., the kind of guy it's been a pleasure to deal with over the years, the philanthropic pace-setter of our industry.

You'll be glad to know that on May 28th, the Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities will be honoring him. This is something all of us should be proud of—and part of. That's why I've taken the liberty of enclosing five tickets at $100 each, which would represent your contribution to CCJL, your part in what promises to be a moving, memorable evening. It would mean a great deal to all of us—and I know "Labey" would be deeply moved—if you took advantage of this opportunity to help answer the calls for help from those who have known loneliness far too long, from those who need help in time, in time of need.

It will take only a moment to write out your check—but the effects will be everlasting.

Sincerely,
Chester Cohen
D. Dwight Kronenberg
Co-Chairmen

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE TO WOMENS WEAR TRADE PAPERS AND JOURNALS

Lionel E. Resnick, guiding genius of Pru Frock Co., will raise his millionth philanthropic dollar on Thursday, May 28th, on behalf of the Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities.

The occasion will be a dinner in his honor at Larchdale's Big Lawn Country Club, where Mr. Resnick is being lauded for "outstanding and meritorious service in communal and philanthropic affairs."

Earlier that day, Mr. Resnick will make another significant stride—this time on the fashion front, when he inaugurates his new Pre-Natal line of house dresses, house coats and brunch coats. Pre-Natals, according to Mr. Resnick, are designed to fill the need of a market too long neglected. "Now, for the first time," he declared, "the young matron who expects to be expecting can look forward to her period of expansion." Lastex waists and bodices are specially designed to meet the pressure of the times.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Cass Dworkin, executive vice-president of the Allied Jewish Suburban Council, will be principal speaker at Larchdale's Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities' dinner in honor of Lionel E. Resnick, to be held on May 28th, at the Big Lawn Country Club.

The announcement was made by D. Dwight Kronenberg, of D. Dwight Kronenberg Realtors, and Chester Cohen, of Rejuvenay Foot-

wear Co., co-chairmen of the affair.

Mr. Dworkin, one of the nation's outstanding authorities on in-patient programs for the Jewish child and the planning of old age services for the small and intermediate Jewish community, has taught at the Everyman School and the Caseworker's Summer Institute. He is the author of numerous widely-hailed books and pamphlets, including "New Designs in Geriatric Rehabilitation," "Bed Capacity and the Jewish Hospital" and "The Long View in Jewish Social Welfare Planning." He has recently returned from a tour of Israeli Day Care Centers, made at the invitation of the government.

The Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities seeks to retrain, rehabilitate and relocate those Jews in cities of less than 100,000 population who, within a three mile area, have social, communal and religious ties with no more than four fellow-Jews.

This year, CCJL seeks a total of $12,490,000—$2,469,000 more than was raised last year—to meet the demands for increased staff and increased services.

DRAFT: FOLLOW UP FROM GUEST OF HONOR

Dear .....:

This is an unusual letter . . . unusual, because it's not customary for a guest of honor to invite people to attend his own testimonial dinner.

Of course, I would consider it a great privilege to have you take part in Larchdale's annual Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities dinner, on May 28th, at the Big Lawn Country Club.

But I'm writing this letter for a much more important reason. I'm writing because I'm convinced that our own CCJL is doing work of utmost significance to you, me, our families and fellow Jews. It is helping make sure that no Jew will ever know the pangs of loneliness, the terrors and tensions of those who must wander far afield for social, religious and communal discourse.

For these reasons, I urge you to make your reservations now for our dinner at Big Lawn on May 28th. A special feature of our evening will be an address by Cass Dworkin, executive vice-president of the Allied Jewish Suburban Council, a truly exciting, dynamic figure, and a speaker of note. All in all, I think I can promise you the kind of evening it would be a shame to miss.

Please fill out the enclosed reservation card letting me know you will come—not in my honor—but on your own behalf, as an American Jew eager to make certain that in days to come no Jew shall be without a neighbor.

Sincerely,
Lionel E. Resnick

DRAFT: TO DINNER COMMITTEE

Dear .....:

We've just had a brainstorm!

The other day, sharing some coffee and conversation, it suddenly dawned upon Chester and myself that it would be a splendid, fitting thing if we—you, I and the rest of our hard-working Committee—did something offbeat and special for "Labey."

Here's what we had in mind. . . . Over and above the silver scroll we're presenting to "Labey," let's get together and give him something that will be a personal memento of the evening, a little gift that will come as a delightful surprise. And so we turn to you, in the hope that you'll pitch in and help us purchase a lovely Patek-Phillipe watch for "Labey." Your share would come to $30, which includes the engraver's fee. And I don't think we need tell you how deeply touched "Labey" would be at such a warm-hearted gesture.

Cordially,
Dwight and Chester

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

A record turn-out of prominent leaders and businessmen is expected for the Larchdale Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities' dinner in honor of Lionel E. Resnick, it was announced by D. Dwight Kronenberg and Chester Cohen, co-chairmen.

With only two days remaining till the Big Lawn Country Club event, Messrs. Kronenberg and Cohen disclosed that "reservations have topped the two hundred mark, and we fully expect this to be the most successful affair Larchdale has ever held on behalf of CCJL."

The two co-chairmen went on to say that the dinner "will afford Lionel E. Resnick's many friends and associates the opportunity of acknowledging publicly the respect and esteem in which he is held by all who know him." They pointed out that the affair, which features Cass Dworkin, executive vice-president of the Allied Jewish Suburban Council, as principal speaker, will be climaxed by the presentation of a special silver scroll to Mr. Resnick for his "contribution to the ideals and ethics of American Jewish communal life."

The Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities seeks to retrain, rehabilitate and relocate those Jews in cities of less than 100,000 population who, within a three mile area, have social, communal and religious ties with no more than four fellow-Jews.

This year, CCJL seeks a total of $12,460,000—$2,469,000 more than was raised last year—to meet the pressing demands for increased staff and increased services.

DRAFT: AGENDA FOR LARCHDALE CCJL DINNER, BIG LAWN COUNTRY CLUB

6:30-7:00
Cocktails in Palm Lounge

7:00-7:45
Dinner

7:45-7:55
Chester Cohen:

"Right now, to be honest, I feel sort of like the Sultan's son, who inherited his father's harem. I know what I'm supposed to do—but I'm not sure I known where to begin.

"At any rate, let me begin from the beginning, by telling you how proud—and flattered—I am to see the splendid turn-out this evening. On behalf of myself, my dinner committee—which did such a great, great job, each and every one—and my hardworking, hard-driving co-chairman, D. Dwight Kronenberg, I bid you welcome.

"We have a tremendously interesting evening planned for you, and I promise you to keep my remarks on the short side.

"There's just one thing, though, that comes to mind, a thought I'd like to share with you. An impressive attendance such as this one makes me hearken back, nostalgically, to our earlier days, some eight, ten years back, when we were getting this cause underway. I'm proud—and it's a feeling I know you all share—at the way we've grown, at the way we've been taking a consistently greater and greater share of responsibility in this effort which means so much to each and every one of us.

"The man I'm about to introduce is the kind of guy that calls forth mighty adjectives from those who've been privileged to work with him—dynamic, forceful, brilliant—all of them well deserved. Most of you know him as a mighty force in our community, a man we've turned to over and over again for leadership, for inspiration, for the kind of direction that can take a philanthropic dream and turn it into the kind of reality that brings relief to the sick, the needy and distressed.

"Gentlemen, it's my pleasure and privilege to give you now as fine a co-chairman as anyone ever had—D. Dwight Kronenberg."

7:55-8:08 approximately
D. Dwight Kronenberg:

"A wonderful introduction, Chester. And, like you, I promise to keep an eye on the clock now, for I want to get this wonderful evening under way as swiftly as possible.

It's my task to do the honors for our speaker tonight. This is no easy assignment, for there's much one could and should say about a career so long and distinguished. I like to think of him as a trail-blazer, the Daniel Boone of the social welfare field—or, as he's often called, MR. JEWISH COMMUNAL SERVICE.

"And I'll say this, too. The Jewish child, whether tot or teenager, who looks for wise and sober counsel, for a way out of what seem to be baffling problems . . . the Jewish aged, who seek to spend their declining years, those years of which the great poet Browning spoke when he wrote 'Grow old along with me/The best is yet to be/The last of life/For which the first was made. . . .!' The Jewish chronically ill, who once upon a time sought, alas, in vain, for special care, special treatment . . . all these have our distinguished speaker to thank for help in time . . . in time of need.

"It is right and fitting now that I turn the dais over to Cass Dworkin."

8:08-8:43 approximately
Cass Dworkin speaks.

8:43-9:17 approximately
Chester Cohen:

"Our thanks, Cass, for making so crystal clear the grave problems that confront our Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities during the year ahead. We know where we stand now, we know what we must do to preserve and extend those precious things for which our cause stands. We know that we must search our hearts, examine our consciences and open our purses, so that CCJL will have the means, the resources to fulfill its tremendous responsibilities.

"My friends, I shall call your cards now and await the announcement of your pledges. And let us strive, one and all, to find in ourselves the capacity for increased giving—even as the needs of our agency have increased."

(Card calling begins at this point. Make sure to interject little enthusiastic phrases . . . i.e., "A twenty per cent increase, Larry? That's swell! . . . Three hundred in your wife's name, Max? Score one for the distaff side! . . . Four fifty from your firm? Nice going, Arnold!")

9:15-9:23
D. Dwight Kronenberg:

"Before I begin, I want to thank my Committee for extending to me the honor of acting as their spokesman in presenting our Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities Award to Lionel E. Resnick.

"I am grateful for this privilege because of my high personal regard for our guest of honor. For 'Labey' is not only a co-worker in our philanthropic vineyard, but also a very, very dear friend.

"The keynote of our dinner—the cause for which we are assembled tonight—is the concern for our fellow man, for the heritage which has made us a Jewish community proud of its accomplishments, of its contributions to the welfare of our own brethren and our fellow Americans.

"To put it succinctly: 'Labey' makes the grade.

"And, at the risk of embarrassing him further, I want to point out that we are afforded the opportunity to express publicly what many of us have been saying privately for a long, long time.

"For doing so much for so many, 'Labey,' and just for being a swell guy, we all thank you.

"I will now read the citation on this handsome scroll:

'The Larchdale Jewish Community, gathered here at the Big Lawn Country Club on this 28th day of May on behalf of the Council for the Comfort of the Jewish Lonely in Medium-Sized Communities, confers this citation upon Lionel E. Resnick in everlasting testament

of his untiring efforts to further those principles and programs which epitomize the highest and most ennobling traditions of our people. His charity, his good will, and his inspirational leadership have won for him the respect and admiration of all those to whom the concern of man for man is a sacred trust.' (Allow time here for applause.)

"And you just stand there for a moment, 'Labey' . . . because you don't get away that easily. A bunch of us—your friends and co-workers—decided to get together and give you some tangible evidence of our deep feeling for all you've done over the years. Here it is, 'Labey.' (Holds watch up for the audience.) And may I say that I hope, in years to come, it will keep time with the fidelity and punctiliousness that have always marked your own days and ways."

9:23-9:49

Lionel E. Resnick:

"When I heard all those fine words that were said and written about me I began to get nervous. I expected, even as I stood upon this lovely dais, to have someone tap me on the shoulder, take my scroll and say, 'Sorry fellow, wrong guy!' (Allow moment for laughter.)

"Seriously, though, I want you, one and all, to know how profoundly moved I am by this splendid tribute. And the watch—well, all I can say is that I'll always treasure it, not only as the thing of beauty it happens to be, but as a token of an evening I will remember for the rest of my life.

"You know, every time my daughter comes home from college she scolds me. . . . She says to me, 'Daddy, you get up so early in the morning, you're in the place before anyone else, you put in such terrible hours and still, comes the evening and we never, never get to see you. You're always rushing off to this dinner or that dinner, you're having an organizational meeting, a committee meeting or a special gifts meeting, a this meeting or a that meeting.'

"Well, what can I say? How does one answer such an accusation? To the charge of being what they call a congenital do-gooder I must plead, alas, guilty. When all is said and done, maybe I should spare myself a little more, take it easier, spend a little more time with the family, let a few of you younger people come into your own and stop giving so much of myself to so many causes. But human nature being human nature, I suppose this old work-horse, this lay leader, will just keep himself in the harness of philanthropy till that day comes—as it must to all of us—when the Great Card Caller asks for full payment on outstanding pledges.

"What it boils down to, I guess, is that I'm the last of an old breed—one of those who, in his own small way, has tried to heed that magnificent Biblical injunction: 'All Jews are responsible for one another.'

"That's how it's always been with me. Standing here, now, I can't help but think back, back, to a long time ago, when I started out with a pair of rusty, second-hand shears and a cutter. And I want to tell you, that was a cutter! He suffered from, if you'll forgive the aside and pardon the expression, a hernia. Which stopped him, naturally, from

lifting, from pulling, from doing too much heavy work. Somehow, though, he was able to summon up enough strength and energy to sneak the pieces of yard-goods home every night and the little bundles of string and wrapping paper. What one human being did with so much string is beyond me, even to this day, some thirty, thirty-five years later!

"The point is that in those days we didn't know too much from fund raising and fund raisers, we didn't have it all so nice and systematized: it wasn't such a science. Nobody had to send you a fancy letter or an engraved invitation or a reminder card to let you know that you had certain obligations and responsibilities to the less fortunate. That's how we were taught, that's how we were brought up. And we gave, believe me, we gave—back in the days when a dollar was a dollar, when the government didn't encourage with so many exemptions and they didn't pressure you every Monday and Thursday to tell you that Israel needs a navy or the Talmud Torah has got to get itself a new wing where the kids can have a swim. Which is not to say that Israel, may it prosper and be blessed in the world of nations, doesn't need a a navy, or that the kids shouldn't have a swimming pool; if the Catholic schools can build them, we can also build them. Only, since I'm being blunt and outspoken at the moment, I might as well say that for the life of me, I can't see why, six weeks ago, to help irrigate the orange groves in the Negev, it was absolutely necessary to hold poetry readings and charge fifteen dollars. An old-fashioned raffle, with an old-fashioned Caddy still brings in more than a hundred poems and a hundred poets.

"When I say this, I mean in no sense to carp or chastise. As a matter of fact, I'll let you all in on a little secret: I am something of a poet myself. At least, that's what *Fortune* wrote a few months ago. 'A poet of business enterprise, Lionel E. Resnick hearkens back to the merchant princes of old, who helped usher in the age of double standards and double entry bookkeeping. To the housedress, once consigned to the humblest order in the hierarchy of fashion, Resnick has brought zip and zest, a flair for design and an uncanny gift for prophecy. Few in the field know better than he when the time is ripe to usher in a line of buttons and bows, when to raise a hem or lower a neck.'

"If I tell you now that *Fortune* is much too kind to me, it's not out of false modesty. Because, basically, it hasn't been so much a question of 'poetry' or 'zip' or 'zest' or 'buttons' or 'bows.' They don't mention, for example, how three years ago I took such a terrible walloping when I put out a line with sequins. I have my talents and abilities, I don't deny. Still, more than most men, I've had my share of luck. On Seventh Avenue they say, 'Resnick . . . he could buy a cemetery plot today and tomorrow they'd build a turnpike right through it. . . .'

"To give you an illustration . . . Three summers ago my wife, believing, maybe, that we had it too easy, decided all of a sudden that the mountains weren't good enough for her, the beaches weren't good enough for her, and that America didn't have enough monuments. So, off we go to Europe, with—so help me God—a whole suitcase stuffed with Kleenex, aspirin and various other articles of intimate and not-so-

intimate nature which this one and that one claims is impossible to buy abroad.

"We spend a week or so in England, and I'll guarantee that was the dullest, dreariest week in my life. Wherever you go, it seemed to me, you got a whiff of cheap cooking greens and fats. And it was impossible, absolutely impossible to get a decent meal. You stop in somewhere for a sandwich, you're starved, you haven't had a thing in your mouth since breakfast and they have the gall to put down in front of you one slice of bread with the crust trimmed off, a snip of lettuce that dates back to before they had kings, and one greasy sardine. And, all this, mind you, without a napkin, without a glass of water. All in all, it's a wonder of wonders that they didn't lose their Empire a long time before.

"Paris, of course, was a little better when it came to food. Still, something bothered me. Somewhere, I was lacking. I couldn't figure it out, till one day, finally, finally, it dawns on me. I'm wandering around near the Louvre waiting for my wife, I have a couple of hours to kill, and how it happened I don't know—when I tell it to people they call me crazy—but I smelled something like the smell of delicatessen in the air. Whether corned beef or what I couldn't tell you. It could have been in my imagination. But I realized that no matter what, no matter how, the day was not going to pass by until Resnick had gotten himself a pastrami sandwich.

"Of course, when you're in the middle of Paris, when you don't know the city and you don't know the people and you don't know more than ten words in the language, it is no easy task to get hold of a pastrami sandwich. I don't lose my head, however, I don't get panicky. Somebody, later on, told me I should have called the American Embassy, but who thinks of those things? And then, what I referred to before, the Resnick luck, begins to go into operation.

"You see, I begin to study the faces of everyone who passes. I watch and I observe. I let one go by, I let another go by, I let a half dozen go by. Then, finally, finally, a man passes with a beret and a cigarette hanging out of his mouth, a pleasant faced little chap, neat as a pin. To look at him, a typical Frenchman. And what it is I don't know . . . maybe it's as my father used to claim, that 'One Jewish heart feels another, even under the Cossack's uniform' . . · but something told me to go up to him, something told me to speak!

"I don't want to make a safari out of a trip to a men's room, so let me cut it short by simply telling you that this gentleman was not only Jewish—and he spoke a Yiddish that was a pleasure to hear—but he took me for one of the greatest sandwiches I have ever eaten in my life.

"Anyway, here I stand now with a nice new watch on my wrist and a beautiful scroll in my hands. The latter will go right into a prominent place in my den and in days to come I'll point to it with pride and pleasure.

"I want you to know, however, that I consider as the main tribute, the real and most touching tribute, the fact that you have all seen fit to

once again stand four-square behind our cause, so that it may continue its great work unhampered and unchecked. To realize that I, in my own small way, have had a share in this is true and lasting satisfaction indeed.

"So let me conclude, then, sincerely, humbly, with the one word that springs unchecked from the bottom of my heart . . .

"Thanks!"

Adam Naming

By HENRY BRAUN

And the man gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found a help meet for him. And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept; and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the place with flesh instead thereof. Genesis 2:20, 21.

My body is tired for the birds that have flown from me,
Their fathomless wings are riding from my brow
In echoes. I have finished naming now:
They are not lost that fall by an unmapped sea.

Darkness is home for wrens in the great oak trees
And for the hawk that in grey caves has lain,
The peacock, host of the rainbow after rain,
And river swan, pearl of earth's necklaces.

Nests are arrayed and shingled in the air
Beneath the wandering aegis of a word
Chosen by me. When mating calls are heard
My poem moves in the desiring pair.

Envied by huntsmen I numbered the animals
Gathered from nature in my baptistery;
The unicorn pranced, eyes shut in mystery,
And zebras passed musing on parallels.

I have uplifted tents within my mind
For timeless griffins with vague wings outspread
And serpents of the field. Even the dead
Are sung and not to quietness resigned.

They have all gone like music from my keeping
Towards the named world. Left in this silent garden,
Tired of my duties as its only warden,
I seek forgetfulness at last in sleeping.

ABBA P. LERNER, Professor of Economics at Roosevelt University, served as Economic Advisor to the Ministry of Finance of Israel. This article is based on an address delivered by him at the Conference on Economic Planning and Social Policy in Israel, held by the Harvard University Center for Middle Eastern Studies in May of this year.

Planning for Israel's Solvency

By ABBA P. LERNER

WHEN I was very young I was a Zionist, even a religious Zionist, but in the days of League-of-Nations Internationalism I lost interest in Zionism and in Palestine until I saw that only in Palestine were Jews prepared to fight with weapons, as well as with words, to save fellow Jews from the Nazis. I then realized that the romantic or sentimental attachment to ancient history or myth was more important for the birth and the life of a nation than more obvious economic preconditions, that the "spirit" which pervaded the human resources constituted a more important fund of "productive factors" needed for the establishment and maintenance of a state than valuable minerals or fertile soil. This was why the "Jewish Home" could be established in the Palestine desert while it could not strike roots in economically more promising places.

For Palestine is not a place which any economist would have picked. There are few natural resources. It is too far from the beaten track of tourists to be likely to attract them in large numbers. There is not enough water to irrigate much of the land. Even if the dream of cheap sweet water from the sea should come true, Israel would have to compete with the Sahara. And then there is the hostility of the neighboring countries to the whole project. It was therefore against the advice of economists that the Zionists persevered in their pioneering, just as it was against the advice of experts in politics, in military strategy and in other fields that Israel's achievements have been attained. While the experts said "I would not start from here," the Zionists started from "here" because "here" is after all the only place one can start from, and they have got quite a bit of the way to "there."

These somewhat lyrical remarks may not sound natural when they come from an economist, but I have been convinced that an appreciation of the "spiritual" elements is so essential for the understanding of what has happened in Israel and of what is going on now, that it is impossible to leave them out of account and still deal with the problems. For it is important not only to explain the achievements of the past but even more for anticipating

the difficulties that will face Israel in the future.

I first came across this when I was told, on my way to Israel five years ago, that I would find that the authorities in Israel build their policy not on economic considerations, but only on miracles that are to save them from the catastrophes that economists foretell from the policies adopted. But the man who warned me went on to observe that so far the confidence in saving miracles has been justified — empirically speaking. The Zionist settlers *were* able to save hundreds of thousands of people from Europe. They *were* able to defeat the invading armies and establish the state. They *did* get enormous economic aid from America, from World Jewry, from West Germany in reparations and restitution. There *have* been considerable investments too, both in the form of bond purchases from the State of Israel and in the form of industrial investment in cash and in kind. And the country *has* been permeated with a feeling of progress, enterprise and development that provokes enthusiasm in almost every visitor to Israel.

So far I have mentioned only the positive side of the "spiritual" or psychological elements in the development of Israel up to the present. Unfortunately there are also some negative aspects of the same forces that have to be considered as likely to play a more important part in the near future than they have in the recent past.

There are those who complain of every gift of good fortune because it weakens the self-dependence of the beneficiary. Thus, there are those who believe that the economic aid that Israel has obtained from outside has weakened its power to stand by itself, and who say that only when the cessation of such help brings the country face to face with catastrophe will Israel take the steps that are necessary to cope with this problem. They argue that the longer the people in Israel are enabled to maintain a standard higher than is made possible by the fruits of their own labor, the harder will it be for them to make the adjustment when this finally becomes necessary.

I do not go as far as that and I would not recommend that Israel should refuse the help that it is getting and insist on the heroic austerity that would be entailed by such abnegation. But I cannot doubt that an unwavering confidence that things will always work out well in the end and that unpleasant measures can always be shelved because "something will turn up" can be most dangerous. This, however, is not so much a negative aspect of the "spiritual" element, but rather a complication arising from too plentiful a crop of miracles that came to the rescue and so established the "empirical justification" of such reliance. There are some more fundamental elements, quite apart from this particular complication.

Let us consider one of the "miracles" which in my opinion has been especially dangerous — a false miracle. I refer to the completely unexpected flight from the territory of Israel by some six or seven hundred thousand Arabs at the time of the establishment of the state in 1948. This provided space that made it much easier to settle the Jews who immigrated into Israel after the establishment of the state. But it also caused the State of Israel to be surrounded by almost a million Arab refugees (they had meanwhile multiplied both by natural increase and by infiltration of destitute Arabs seeking rations or other benefits). No matter whose fault it may be that these refugees have not been able to return to a normal productive life, their continued miserable existence just outside Israel, in

increasing bitterness, constitutes a growing threat to the security and peace of Israel and the Middle East, as indeed of the whole of our shrunken and interdependent world. Until this problem is solved no other problem of Israel or of the Middle East can be considered to have been settled with any finality.

So far as the possibilities of planning for solvency and development in Israel are concerned, the central (internal) problem is what in Israel is called the achievement of economic independence. Nobody ever makes a speech in Israel proposing anything whatever remotely connected with economic matters without claiming that what he is proposing would contribute to the achievement of economic independence.

By economic independence is meant the ability of Israel to earn enough from its exports to pay for its essential imports without having recourse to continued gifts, loans and investments from abroad of the foreign currency—the dollars—needed to pay for them. Israel is now geting, and has for years been getting, about a quarter of a billion dollars a year of foreign exchange over and above what it earns from exports and has been using this money to pay for over 90 per cent of its *net* imports. The value of her *total* exports comes to much more than 10 per cent of the *total* imports, but if we subtract the exports whose proceeds go to pay for imports used up in making exports (so as to get the *net* earning of foreign exchange for the purchase of *net* imports that remain in the country) we see that less than 10 per cent of the net imports are earned by Israel's exports.

Economic independence needs to be achieved because there is every reason to believe that the foreign aid that Israel has been getting will not continue indefinitely at its present level. Unless Israel learns to earn by its exports all the essential imports that will not be covered by the remaining foreign aid or investment, it will not be able to obtain its essential imports. If the curtailing of foreign aid should come about suddenly this could lead to catastrophe, with the economic collapse even pulling down upon itself political chaos, social disorder, and military annihilation. To prevent such catastrophe Israel must prepare itself during the years when it will continue to get foreign aid in large quantities by building up its industries to produce more exports and to produce for itself some of its imports, so that gradually, and without any overwhelming crises, it will move into the condition of economic independence, getting its essential imports out of its own export earnings.

I have been talking about solvency rather than development. But this is because in the case of Israel solvency is possible *only* by means of rapid development. It has a very long way to develop to achieve solvency. Solvency and development are therefore not different things. Nor is solvency, as in some other cases, a precondition for development. Rather it is development which is a condition for the achievement of solvency. So important, and so difficult, is this problem that we may leave alone for quite a while the question of the nature of further development that may be possible after solvency has been achieved. For Israel rapid and extensive development is essential, not only for its own sake but for the sake of solvency and survival.

Is it possible for Israel to do it? *Can* Israel become self-sufficient given the absence of important resources, of sufficient land, of water, and also the hostility of the neighboring countries which even on the most favorable

political prognoses are not likely to cooperate actively with the Israel economy?

MY ANSWER is Yes. It is possible and it is not even as difficult as it might seem at first glance. Other countries have done the same thing under even less favorable circumstances.

The essential question is: Can Israel earn its necessary imports from the rest of the world by doing some work for the rest of the world that the rest of the world wants done for it? This is exactly the problem of Great Britain. Great Britain does not have any important natural resources. Its coal and iron once were important but they are not important any longer. And Britain's problem is harder than Israel's because England is a much bigger country. Having twenty-five times as many people (fifty million as compared with two million) she has to worry about the effect of her trade in bidding up the things she has to buy and in pushing down the prices of the things she has to sell. The quantities she has to buy and sell are large enough to have a very great influence on the world market, and the volume of trade she undertakes turns the terms of trade against her. She therefore has to exercise much more than proportionate ingenuity to find more and more different things to produce and to sell so as not to flood any market, and she has to find more and more different things to buy to serve her purposes in place of items which her own buying makes too expensive. Israel, just because she is much smaller, hardly ever has to worry about the effect of her own sales on world prices (except perhaps for oranges). Because of this, too, it does not matter so much if her immediate neighbors choose not to trade with her as long as they do not prevent Israel from trading with the rest of the world. The world is large and ocean freight is cheap, so that to go several hundred miles, and for many things even thousands of miles, to find customers and suppliers, is by no means prohibitive.

Japan is another example, of *ninety* million people this time, who have the same problem. Yet she is managing and even prospering. Yet another example, and indeed the one that was most frequently in the discussion of the early Zionists, is Switzerland, which has built herself a very high standard of living, again only by finding work that she can do for the world in exchange for her essential imports (and even many not so essential imports) and for the raw materials that she must import, as Israel will have to import, in order to make her exports out of them.

Israel has other material advantages. Not only is it small in relation to the world market, but it is able to obtain the capital necessary to set up the factories and the roads, the power plants and the other general preconditions for industrial development. It has connections that make it easier for her than for most countries to get friendly expert advice on problems of commerce and industry. Most important of all, and this is closely connected with the "spirit" of the country, Israel does not resent experiment and change.

The greatest obstacle to economic development in other parts of the world is the preference of the population for doing things the way they and their forefathers have done them since time immemorial. Nor is their resentment and fear of change completely a subjective matter. There is a genuine danger that the changes would wreak havoc on social institutions that are improperly understood. In Israel there is eagerness to try out the new; the country is "dynamic" in almost every sense of that

overworked word. There is enthusiasm, there is energy, there is enterprise, there are many people with varied experience and flexibility of outlook. There is one resource that Israel *does* have and this is the most important resource of all. It has people who are willing to work at new things in the new ways that will have to be developed. In its economic essence the problem is not as intractable as is often feared.

The real problem is to be found in the realm of the "spirit" of the country. While this "spirit" worked wonders for the establishment and initial consolidation of the state, and while it contains in itself the dynamic forces that can help to build up the country, it does carry with it also a great number of the obstacles that provide the staple headaches of those responsible for guiding Israel's development toward solvency.

THE "SPIRIT" of Zionism developed among the enlightened and emancipated Jews of Europe. It is made up of the ideals of democracy, of progress and experiment, of human brotherhood and respect for the sacredness of the human personality, of internationalism, of social and economic equality, of concern for the common man, and of reverence for labor, especially of manual labor and especially of labor on the soil. Mixed in with these, and with no excessive regard for consistency, there are also the forces of nationalism, the desire for Israel to be a nation just like other nations and perhaps a little more so, so that, again just like every other nation, it can also be the (perhaps I should say *a*) chosen nation.

This complex of ideals, inevitably subject to a kind of hardening of the arteries, tends to come out in a series of ideologies, or "*-isms*" as we like to call them when we want to imply that they may be doing more harm than good. I will list a number of these.

1. *Messianic Romanticism.* This is the belief already mentioned above that unpleasant or difficult measures may be disregarded or postponed in the hope that something would turn up to make them unnecessary. Its slogan is "Israel is Different," and its rationalization is that a miracle will turn up in time as it has on previous occasions. I must confess, however, that this response, "Israel is Different," which met me so frequently when I applied economic theory to Israel's problems, has also dogged me in the United States when I tried to apply my Israel experience to American problems and came up with unpleasant or difficult prescriptions.

This "ism" is particularly important for the central issue in the development of export and import-substitute industries for the march to economic independence. Costs and wages have to be held down in order to prevent inflation and to compete on the world market. The great hindrance to this policy, whose necessity is admitted (at least privately) by almost everybody in Israel, is the residual hope that perhaps some easier way will turn up.

2. *Socialism.* Perhaps this should better be called anti-capitalism. This is the idea that production in Israel should really be "for use and not for profit," that investors in Israel's industry ought not really to be concerned about costs and returns and narrow calculations. There is the picture of the uncalculating pioneers who came to drain the swamps and water the desert. The feeling is of course extremely vague, since whenever one tries to concretize it one sees that production for profit may be the best way of producing for use. Yet the spirit remains even when its victims try to escape from it, and it is sensed by potential investors in Israel, even in those responsible Israeli statesmen who

know that the future of the country depends on private investment, and who are in daily battle with what they recognize as their own irrational ideologies.

3. *Equalitarianism.* The idea that in the good society which the Zionists wanted to build in Israel everybody really ought to have the same income, or that society should "give to each according to his needs and take from each according to his abilities," is very strong. This was responsible for the initiation of an unworkably progressive income tax system that had to be modified, for the dragging of feet in the provision of adequate incentives for the acquisition of skill and the undertaking of responsibility, and for the disguising of income differentials as the provision of "working tools" or as "expense allowances" and innumerable other kinds of "allowances" when the need for inequality could no longer be resisted. The passionate equalitarianism has also aggravated the inflation problem. In the course of the inflation a limited cost of living allowance reduced the real salaries of skilled and highly trained personnel in government and the professions both relative to the wages of less skilled workers and also in absolute terms. When something was done, after long delay, to correct this, all other wages were raised again in the name of equality, and the inequitable decay in differentials, with its damaging effects on the efficiency of the economy, was largely restored.

4. *Laborism.* Just as equalitarian pioneering by the cooperative settlements played an indispensable part in the original building of the settlement in Palestine before it became a hindrance to its further development, so the newly developed labor organizations contributed enormously in this task, in many cases undertaking responsibilities which are more naturally those of the state. But as these institutions have grown they have become to many an end rather than a means, calling forth a loyalty to the Trade Union, or to the Organization of Trade Unions, even when the organization's interests have come to run contrary to the interests of the country or of the workers. As in all other parts of the world, such organizations have appropriated the word "Labor" so that a criticism of the organization tends to be taken as an attack on working people on behalf of exploiting "capitalists."

The same word "laborism" may also be used for the sentimental adoration of manual labor, especially when engaged in the production of physically tangible products. It is then called "productive" labor and contrasted with "unproductive" labor. Much is made of this in discussion of statistics of the low percentage of the population that is engaged in productive labor and the large percentage that is involved in unproductive labor, the largest in the world. Although it is frequently suggested that unproductive labor is largely wasted labor, such as that of peddlers who may be difficult to distinguish from beggars or unemployed persons, not too much harm is done by this since it is widely recognized in Israel (as it was by Adam Smith), that some of the most important work is being done by "unproductive labor" and that productive laborers may be extremely inefficient and unproductive or may be engaged in producing things that have very little social justification.

5. *Agrarianism.* As an overreaction to the almost exclusively city life of Jews in Europe, great stress was laid by Zionism on settling on the land and cultivating it. This was perfectly feasible for the early settlers, but it is

not possible for more than a small fraction of the people that live in Israel. About 15% of the population is now engaged in agriculture, and this percentage is more likely to be reduced by increased efficiency in agriculture than it can be increased by irrigating more land for more intensive cultivation. (The total area under cultivation cannot be increased with the visible supply of water, short of cheap sweet water from the sea.) Agriculture calls for more capital investment per worker than almost any other economic activity suitable for Israel, and it takes far longer for a man to learn to become a good farmer than to learn almost any other trade short of the highly skilled professions. Yet the dogma that agriculture is the most productive type of activity remains a "self-evident truth" (i.e., one for which there is no evidence), and resources are invested into agriculture which would yield far more for the development, and therefore for the security of the country, if they could be directed to the development of export industry or import-competing industry.

This has also led to the development of less promising rather than more promising agricultural areas, with a resulting further reduction in the yield from the capital invested, in response to the ideal of having the people spread more evenly over the whole area of Israel, North and South, fertile and infertile.

6. *Protectionism.* In the field of labor this takes the form of the protection of workers in their job rights even if there is no need for their prodduct. This is, of course, the natural reaction of organized labor to the failure of the authorities to provide a condition of full employment. If other jobs are hard to get it becomes important to protect the job you have, and there will be enough sympathy with the workers threatened with possibly long-lasting unemployment to enforce the recognition of his property right in *his* job. This, of course, is poison for the introduction of the labor-saving devices that are essential for the increases in efficiency that are essential for economic independence. The solvent for this kind of economic arthritis is, of course, a condition of prosperity, with other jobs easily available. This particular malady is thus a kind of parasite on the other illnesses that hinder the prevention of inflation and the reduction in costs.

Protectionism is not limited to the field of labor. In business too there is a very strong feeling that every business man is entitled to make a living in his business and that to threaten this by competition is immoral. This leads to restriction of competition to the level which permits the inefficient to survive, and the efficient to make quite large profits, and constitutes what in Israel is called "cartels."

7. *Partyism.* This is the proliferation of the activities of political parties into almost all the activities that make up the life of the member of a party. Education, housing, recreation, literature, health services, vacation arrangements, employment exchanges and many other activities are all in the province of the Party, or "movement"—especially in the larger parties. The Party as a way of life or "religion" makes life more meaningful for many people, but the loyalty of members to the party or movement, and the fight between parties for the retention and the extension of such loyalties, make it harder for agreements to be reached on national matters of the first importance. All the party leaders may agree that a certain policy, such as wage restraint, is necessary for the good of all, but none dare adopt it

for fear of what it would do to his position in the struggle between the parties. This is, in a way, a common difficulty in the organization of a modern democratic society, but the intensity of party life in Israel, deriving from the intense ideals and ideologies that provided the spirit for the building of Israel, make the problem peculiarly intense—at least by British or American standards.

8. *"Smartalecism."* This item does not fit so neatly into my scheme since it is not an element in the positive side of the "spirit" of the builders of Israel. Perhaps it is a reaction to the basic ideals. Perhaps it is the application to the individual of the notion of the "peculiar people." Instead of "Israel is Different" we have "I am Different." I refer to a widespread tendency for people to believe that rules are made only for others, that if one can only get to the right person, regulations can be got around and anything can be "fixed." It shows itself in widespread evasion of taxes, or of currency regulations, or of rationing provisions. It shows itself also in the acceptance of many such evasions as part of the natural order as displayed in the reluctance of the government to send income tax evaders to jail. It is encouraged by having more things to evade, and by the great importance of permits, privileges and licences that have inevitably arbitrary elements in their granting, so that push and pull or *"protekzia"* take the place of the impersonal market forces. Though here again I am perhaps judging by the high standards that come from being brought up in England.

9. *"Plannism."* This is the last, the most important and the most damaging of the "-isms" I shall mention. It consists of the belief that development can only come about if it is carefully planned by a central authority—that the alternative to central planning is chaos. It is tied in with socialism, as a kind of planning to be contrasted with capitalism which is anarchic, as well as with a negative attitude to the market and its associations of trading as an "unproductive" activity to be contrasted with "productive" activities. Economists like myself were invited to come to Israel to advise on economic matters, with a faint hope that we would construct plans, five-year plans, four-year plans, seven-year plans, fifteen-year plans, for the development of the economy— toward the achievement of economic independence. It was hoped (but probably not really expected) that we would tell the government what industries should be established and where, and then they would go ahead and do the job.

BUT THIS is not the way this job can be done. If there were a small number of obvious items to develop, like oil in Kuweit or tin in Bolivia, it might appear to make sense to get experts to set up and develop these industries. Even then the greater part of the economic activity of the country would have to be in other fields, but these core industries could be the basis and might be planned. But there is, in any case, no such possibility in Israel. Israel has to find large numbers of different industries which will import raw materials and export the processed article (or service such as tourism or transportation). The only way these can be found is by trial and error. No Central Planning Board would have directed Switzerland to the production of watches, or Japan to the production of cameras and microscopes, or Israel to develop artificial teeth, or raincoats, or short wave radio sets, or heavy water. Improbable industries must be tried which any central planning board

would normally throw out with disdain, and they must therefore be tried by independent enterprise.

Of course, "independent" does not mean necessarily private enterprise. It may be enterprise by a cooperative group, a trade union or a Kibbutz, or any other independent element—even a government department, if it can be given the independence to try things which someone thinks up and to do this without having to persuade too many bureaucrats and without being careless about resources which would turn out to be wasted if the enterprise should fail. Private enterprise is, in general, a very efficient form for such enterprise, but the essential thing is the combination of independence with responsibility. This cannot be provided by any central planning body.

Professor Jewkes of Manchester has used the analogy of the hunting pack searching for the spoor of the fox. Instead of twenty dogs trying to pick up the scent, one might have one dog with one hundred times as sensitive a nose —say a bloodhound. But he would not be as successful in finding the scent as the twenty dogs with inferior noses because he can smell only in one place at a time. Even if a Central Planning Authority was much better than the individual investor of his own (or his group's) resources (the opposite is more likely to be true), it would not be able to deal with the many attempts that have to be made, many of them to fail, if the job is to be done.

There is indeed a task for the central planner, for the government, but this is like that of the huntmaster—to establish the conditions under which the pack would work at its best. The central authority must be responsible for the framework in which the individual investors will be encouraged to do the work that they alone can do well. These conditions are known: security of property; provision of ancillary services, such as transportation, communication, and power; facilities for research that are invaluable for all but very large corporations that can make their own; the ability of a firm to keep enough of the profit it makes on the successful ventures to make up for the inevitable unsuccessful ventures without being regarded as a vampire; the minimization of arbitrary conditions that magnify uncertainty and risk; protection from inflation. In short, the encouragement of enterprise and competition by all forms of enterprise on equal terms.

People subject to the ideologies I have listed tend to be inimical to the provision of a framework in which private enterprise would be able to compete, on equal terms, with other forms of enterprise. On the other hand, many enthusiasts for private enterprise feel unhappy about other forms of enterprise being permitted to compete on equal terms with private enterprise. The former call such a policy capitalism, the latter call it socialism. It might be proper to call it capitalistic socialism or socialistic capitalism, but that is what is developing in Israel (and in many other places) and is making the debate about socialism and capitalism rather outdated. My own pet name for it is *Democratic Functionalism,* where private, public, cooperative, municipal, any kind of enterprise are all *kosher,* all have to compete against all the others, and any one may win only if it is better. The one that functions best will survive in fair and democratic competition.

THIS IS developing in Israel out of the necessity of considering practical problems, and it is overcoming the negative ideological hindrances, though not without causing much heartsearching. The tax system is rapidly improving as a result of less arbitrary actions by the

tax authorities as well as more active enforcement. The conditions for investment, especially by foreigners, are being improved, and the greater freedom of investors to take their profits and their investments out makes them less fearful of putting them into the country in the first place. There has been some progress in re-establishing the pay differentials needed to encourage training and responsibility, and these are more and more in the form of open cash rather than in the disguise of compensations in kind that are more expensive, more wasteful and less satisfactory to the recipient than money that he can spend on whatever he prefers.

While interest in economic equality remains very strong, and while Israel remains probably the country with the most equal distribution of real income in the world, there is more and more recognition that the ideal of economic equality can be successfully established only to the degree that there has been a prior education of the population to the point of their not requiring so much income difference to bring forth the effort, the training, and the willingness to undertake responsibility in work that is needed for the efficient operation of the economy. The idea is being accepted that this necessary degree of inequality, which I like to call *functional inequality,* has to be recognized and permitted in the economy for the sake of efficiency and for the well-being of the population as a whole. Inequality in excess of functional inequality can be removed by the devices of modern capitalism-socialism such as progressive taxation and competition. It is being recognized that attempts to reduce inequality below the level of functional inequality, i.e., before the population has been educated to a degree of social awareness necessary for this, is to put the cart before the horse, and is bound to fail, to damage the economy, to be evaded by shameful tricks like smuggling in some of the differential income as "expenses" or as allowances for "tools of trade," and finally to be abandoned.

Progress is also to be seen in the fight against inflation. Until the Sinai campaign, the speed of the inflation had been reduced, by rather complex and questionable means it is true, from 40 per cent per annum to 20 per cent per annum and to 6 per cent per annum. The Cost of Living Allowance arrangements have been modified so as to reduce their inflationary operation.

All this has not been without grave discomfort to the ideologies—as when a veteran socialist and trade union leader, shouldering the responsibilities of the Ministry of Finance, finds himself urging employers not to give in to demands by workers for wage increases. And now it seems that some steps may be taken to limit collusive agreements in restraint of trade so that inefficient firms may be forced to release their factors of production to places where they will be used more effectively.

As an economist, it is my duty to spy out the things that are wrong and cry always that the movement must be faster . . . faster. Otherwise I would be unfaithful to the dismal discipline. Quite apart from this professional bias, it is true that in the last few years the Israel economy has not been moving fast enough toward economic independence. The rate at which it has been developing its power to earn its essential imports, if extrapolated, does not seem to be nearly fast enough to meet the expected falling off in foreign aid. The delay of several years in moving fast enough will make the necessary transition to economic independence harder when it can no longer be postponed. Or aid will have to be continued longer and in more substantial amounts than can be counted on with sufficient con-

fidence for comfort. But the main lesson has been learned and is being applied –the lesson that the thing that can and that must be planned is the provision of the framework and the atmosphere in which independent enterprise can be expected to be active and ingenious in trying out enough items of production, for export or to take the place of imports, in competition with the outside world. The secret that has been learned is to plan not to plan too much.

Love Song

By HELEN NEVILLE

Purveyor of the perfect lips
the radiant hair the dazzled eyes
artificer who lets me live
dabbler in my dyes

Conceive me in a doubleness
my special breath to spin
O wrap me in your love's embrace
that wraps me in my skin

as gardeners trim a rose that else
were all a mass of bursten fire
or a sweet blooming of the pulse
and now is Rose entire

Take not from me your fitten love
that stitches me from toe to head
take not from me my rose of Self
the which you fashionéd

as hangmen know a trap is sprung
to catch the jibbering fool above
jibbering in his body's dark
like any fool in love

O leave me to my body's dark
where all's a sweet eclipse
so may I hang me by my hair
and feed me to my lips

Three Midrashim
(Group II)

By SHLOMO KATZ

Rachel's Lament

. . . and Jacob did so and fulfilled her [Leah's] week and he [Laban] gave him Rachel his daughter to wife also . . . and he went in also unto Rachel, and he loved also Rachel more than Leah . . . and when the Lord saw that Leah was hated, he opened her womb; but Rachel was barren. Genesis 30.

"Now you see?" Laban said to Jacob at the end of the day's festivities marking Jacob's wedding to Rachel. "You have been given what is due you, and even more, for the seven years of servitude which you owe me for Rachel are still unserved, and already you are about to go into the bridal chamber with her. I trust you that you will serve me well. Yet you were so hasty as to accuse me of dishonest dealing when a week ago I substituted Leah for Rachel in the bridal chamber."

"Perhaps I was hasty when I cried out against the substitution," Jacob said. "I did not know the customs of this land. But, dear father–for since I am a stranger in this land you are like a Father to me–you should have warned me that you could not give me Rachel before her older sister. I may then have waited till you had given Leah in marriage to another man. But as things happened, can you not imagine how I felt when I awoke in the morning one week ago, satiated and fulfilled and overflowing with manly pride, and I opened the curtain a little to let in some light, for I wanted to look at Rachel my wife. It had all been planned carefully in my mind during the seven years that I served you, and, unknown to you, Rachel and I met secretly many times and talked of our wedding night. Everything was worked out to the last detail, every second before the complete fulfillment was accounted for. But Rachel and I had made one great mistake in our plans –in our fantasies of our wedding night we made no allowance for speech of any kind. In the darkness only our hands and our bodies were to speak for us. If only we had arranged some secret word of recognition to be whispered, then this grave trouble could not have arisen, for then I would have known at once that it was Leah I was with.

"And we also had agreed well in advance that when morning broke I was to awake and, letting in a little light into our bridal chamber, I was to uncover Rachel and behold her beauty entirely even while she slept in happiness, only touching her lightly here and there to make sure that both she and I were real.

"Do you wonder then why I cried out when I saw that it was Leah I had given my love to all that cursed night, not knowing what I was doing. I cried out, but it was not your honesty that I questioned; it

was mine that was in doubt."

Laban looked at Jacob slyly and winked. "Very well, my son, very well. I will consider this an adequate apology, though I don't quite understand everything you said. How was your honesty involved? I don't understand this. But, in any case, now that you are a man who has known a woman I can talk to you as to an equal. Your sentiments are very fine, of course, even though I don't understand some of them. So here is my advice to you. Act like a grown man and don't babble like a half-grown boy. You have had Leah. Now you are going in to Rachel. Enjoy both of them, and don't feel troubled, and serve me well the next seven years even as you did the first seven years.

"Go now, go," Laban added as Jacob remained standing before him in perplexity. "Aren't you eager to discover the charms of my younger daughter whom you say you love so much?" And Laban burst out in ribald laughter.

Jacob stealthily made his way through the hilarious and drunken company. Their jests as they encouraged him to prove himself with a second woman in eight days annoyed him. One week earlier, when he walked through the big room crowded with guests he blushed at their sallies but did not resent them, for even in their coarseness he found them not fundamentally unlike his fantasies about Rachel. Now he nodded to one and to another in order not to seem rude. He even smiled self-consciously at some coarse suggestion and tried to pass by the joker quickly, but this only aroused more comment. "Look, he's bashful," one of the drunken guests shouted. "Like a virgin," another guest added his own comment. "Could he have done wrong by our Leah?" someone asked.

But at last Jacob was through this ordeal, and only two old men were with him, escorting him to the door of the bridal chamber which was guarded by two matrons. These old men did not speak to him on the way, either seriously or in jest, and only when they left him at the door did they repeat the formula prescribed for the occasion, and then they departed, and the two matrons followed after them.

Jacob confidently made his way to the couch of rugs and pillows in the corner where Rachel lay. He did not have to grope in the dark for he remembered the room only too well from the preceding week with Leah. He stopped before the couch and called softly, "Rachel."

Rachel did not answer.

Jacob sat down on the couch and stroked her hair. "Our time has finally come," he whispered to her, "after seven endless years which now seem no more than a day. I would have served and waited for you seven times seven years, and done so gladly. Turn to me, love."

But instead of turning to him, Rachel became convulsed with sobbing.

"Why do you weep?" Jacob bent over her tenderly. "Why do you weep? Though I think I know why, and it is good that you do. I could almost weep myself, thinking of the seven lost years, and also in ecstasy at the hours before us. Do you remember all the plans we had made for this night during the years?"

"And haven't you brought a light with you?" Rachel suddenly spoke amid her hysterical sobbing.

"A light?" Jacob was puzzled, "What do you mean?"

Rachel's sobbing stopped just as suddenly as it had begun and her voiced hissed in the darkness with poorly suppressed rage. "A light, of course. Flint and a piece of metal to strike it with, and a sliver of kindling to catch the spark and burst into flame."

"What are you saying?" Jacob exclaimed and there was a note of terror in his voice. "What for do we want a light on the night of our wedding in our bridal chamber?"

"To make certain that you are with the right woman," Rachel answered and again burst into violent weeping.

Jacob sat up with a start as if he had been stung by an adder, and then his entire body seemed to collapse within itself. For a while he was silent and when he finally spoke all he could say was to repeat: "There is only one Rachel; there is only one Rachel; you are Rachel."

"Except when it is dark, of course," she jeered amid her tears. "When darkness descends, every woman becomes Rachel, even that weak-eyed sister of mine."

"Don't say this, don't say it, it is not so," Jacob pleaded. "There is only one Rachel in the world for me, and you are Rachel, my lamb, my ewe."

"Then how could you, how could you," Rachel wailed. "How could you be an entire night with that sister of mine and never once know the difference? Did you not touch the coarseness of her hair? Did you not feel the heavy fatness of her arms about you? And when you kissed her nipples, as was agreed between us, could you not tell at once that it was not I? That you had to search for them somewhere along her belly or on the pillows beside her?"

Rachel burst into uncontrolled tears, and all Jacob did was to repeat, "It is not so; it was not so; it was not as you think; it was not as you say."

"Then how was it if it was not so?" Rachel challenged.

"I thought it was you all the time. In my mind it was you all night; and when the light of day broke into the chamber, I cried out bitterly, as you well know."

Rachel's sobbing subsided and after some moments she asked in a whisper, "You loved Leah during the hours of darkness, did you not?"

"I loved you," Jacob insisted. "There is only one Rachel."

"And did you find much pleasure and gladness in Leah?"

"I did," Jacob confessed, and added quickly, "but only because I believed it was you."

"Then you loved her, not me," Rachel cut him short. "You were with her, you found joy in her, and you gave your love to her. Does it matter what you thought? Were it not for our speech now, you might think that I am Leah and hate me. It would seem," she added, "that in dark thought every woman can become Rachel. Then who

is Rachel? A thought and no more. I am merely an image in your mind, and when you close your eyes, or the light is put out, every other woman can assume my image for you. Then go back to Leah whom you have already loved and in whom you found joy. And if your mind troubles you on my account, because of the love you have sworn to me for seven years, then all you have to do is think of me. Go then!" she screamed.

"It is not so, it is not so," Jacob repeated mechanically, barely knowing what he was saying, clinging to these words as to a last refuge, while Rachel's body shook with sobs.

Jacob—Israel

And he said unto him: "What is thy name?" And he said: "Jacob." And he said: "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for thou hast striven with God and with men and hast prevailed." Genesis 32.

IT WAS a busy twenty-four hours for Jacob, perhaps the busiest in his entire life. In later years he often marvelled at the strange events that befell him then and that so profoundly influenced all the rest of his life. And whenever he thought back to that day he glowed with pride at some of the things that happened and he also blushed with shame at some of the others.

The sequence of events on that fateful day began long before dawn, shortly after midnight in fact. Jacob was busy moving his entire camp across the ford of Yabbok. True, Yabbok is not a big river. Perhaps one shouldn't even call it a river, but only a brook. In the land of the Two Rivers whence Jacob had fled so recently, a stream such as Yabbok would have passed unnoticed and probably would not have been honored with a name. But here it was, flowing between its steep banks and presenting quite an obstacle with its swift rivulets dashing among the boulders. Esau had to be be met the next day and God alone knew how that dreaded encounter was to end. It was out of the question to wait for daylight before moving the camp across the stream. Worried over the meeting with his brother who approached accompanied by four hundred men of war, Jacob moved his four wives, their children and all he had with him across Yabbok. Then he went back alone to the site of the abandoned camp. It is not quite clear why he went back. Some say that he had left there a few small vessels. Perhaps. In his distraught state of mind this was possible. In any case, there he was, alone on the far bank of Yabbok, and the morning star had just risen when he was challenged by—and here is mystery. Jacob was not sure who it was that challenged him. Darkness was still upon the land and images were blurred so that one could not tell a wolf from a dog. One might say that it was a man, an ordinary human being, perhaps even a robber bent on plunder. Yet it was not an ordinary man either. This became evident from the manner in which he wrestled with Jacob. And how is one to know when one's opponent is simply a man or some superhuman messenger, perhaps even an angel?

Hadn't Jacob's grandfather, Abraham, entertained angels or messengers of God who had seemed to be men and even seemed to consume food like human beings?

Jacob fought this creature of the pre-dawn and neither could vanquish the other. And, strangely, when the first light of dawn began to break, this creature who seemed to be man became panicky and pleaded: "Let me go for the day breaketh." This was Jacob's clue to his advantage and he was not one to miss his opportunity. He demanded that he be blessed by his opponent as the price of releasing him, and the blessing consisted in the change of his name from Jacob to Israel—one who has striven with God and has prevailed.

Jacob was pleased with the blessing. It was unlike any he had received before. He knew that he bore the blessing of becoming the progenitor of offspring numerous as the sand on the shore of the sea, and he also enjoyed the blessing of wealth. But striving with God and prevailing over Him, this was indeed a unique and unexpected honor; and it was bought so cheaply—at the cost of a strained thigh.

By the time the man-God had left and Jacob rejoined his camp on the other side of Yabbok, daylight was over the land, and there were many things to do, and still more things to worry about. But it was not in Jacob's character to let the events of the pre-dawn wait for a more suitable occasion. No sooner did he reach his camp than he called together his wives and their children and all the servants who were with him and briefly informed them that henceforth he was to be called Israel, the man who had striven with and prevailed over God and man.

They accepted this announcement as a matter of fact. They had known Jacob long enough not to be surprised by anything he said or did. One thing they had learned about him—that whatever happened to him, or whatever he said happened to him, would be grandiose and would somehow involve God. Now that he announced his change of name and that he had overcome God, only Rachel and Leah, Jacob's two chief wives dared shake their heads ever so slightly. Rachel also permitted herself a slight smile of bitterness and resentment though, of course, she said nothing. But in her head a thought that went back to the time of her marriage rankled briefly. "If Jacob could not tell Leah from Rachel in the dark of the bridal chamber, when he was much younger and when his passions were involved, how could he tell that the creature with whom he had wrestled in the night was not simply a desert bandit? And as for prevailing over his opponent—well, there was no telling in what condition Jacob had left his opponent, but he himself was limping badly from a strained thigh."

Such were Rachel's thoughts. Leah too shook her head at Jacob's announcement, but the nod of her head was maternal rather than disparaging. She neither believed nor disbelieved Jacob's story. It did not matter much to her what he said. One thing she knew—love talk she would not hear from him. She had never quite understood him. He was a strange child-man, full of incomprehensible dreams and ideas. But he had fathered many sons on her and she was content in her role

of obedient wife. If he now wanted to be called Israel, well then, she would call him Israel—if only he were to spend more time with her and perhaps beget more sons with her.

In any case, there was not much time for speculation about the new name. Esau was only a hill or two away, and though the lavish present for Essau had already gone ahead—the camels and the goats and the bulls and the asses—still, there was no telling whether he would be mollified by it. And why, if his intentions were peaceful, did he come with four hundred men? Was that a way to come to meet a brother?

Thus Jacob, despite his new name, was very busy arranging matters for any possible eventuality, being careful that Esau should see the handmaidens and their children first, and Leah and her sons next, leaving Rachel and Joseph hindmost—just in case Esau planned some kind of calamity.

But things turned out well, much better than Jacob had hoped for. Esau ran up to him and they embraced and kissed and wept. Everything proceeded beautifully, and then they sat down and talked as brothers do. Jacob introduced his family, and Esau pretended that he did not know that the flocks which had preceded the camp were a present for him. All was done in good form and in accordance with the requirements of curtesy.

It was only after the formalities were finished that the conversation became more direct and intimate. The two brothers sat apart on their mats, their campfollowers staying some distance away. Jacob felt reassured that there was no immediate danger, and Esau permitted himself a sly remark: "I see," he said, "that my little brother has done well during the years that he was away."

Jacob resented the slight but his answer was tempered with prudence. He said: "I am your little brother indeed, though also the owner of the birthright of the first-born. You recall, I am sure, the mess of pottage for which you sold it to me."

"Yes, I recall it well," Esau answered barely suppressing a flood of anger. "And I flatter myself that I am responsible in two ways for your prosperity, first by selling you my birthright, and secondly by causing you to flee to Laban where you amassed your wealth. I feel so responsible for your prosperity that I almost like to consider your wealth my own."

Seeing that Jacob was distressed and frightened by this remark, Esau reassured him. He winked slyly in the direction of his four hundred armed men and said pointedly: "Do not be alarmed, my younger brother. I have enough of my own. Keep what you have."

But seeing Jacob reassured, Esau returned to the assault. "Brother," he said condescendingly, "let us not talk of such small matters as flocks and wealth. We both have enough, and it is also not necessary at this time to rake old and cold ashes about who is the true owner of the first-born's birthright and how genuine the claim of each of us to it. But I have heard this morning that you have changed your name, that you now call yourself Israel and claim to have striven with God and overcome him."

"It is true," Jacob answered in a low voice.

"This is marvellous," Esau declared ironically and Jacob lowered his head. "Then you are not afraid of anyone?" Esau persisted. "Also not of me?" and he again winked in the direction of the four hundred men.

Jacob was silent.

"It is a strange thing," Esau mused. "Our father, Isaac, is afraid of God. Our grandfather, Abraham, talked to God as a man speaks to a man. But you say that you contended with God, and overcame him, too. Tell me, how did it come about?"

"It happened in the night, last night," Jacob said softly, his eyes lowered.

"Did God come upon you in a great flame, or with thunder, or how did it happen?"

"He came upon me as a man, and we wrestled."

"Are you sure it was not an ordinary man?"

"I am sure."

"I do not mean to doubt your word, little brother, knowing you always as a man of great honesty and unquestioned integrity, but is it not possible that, let us say, you made a mistake in the dark? This sometimes happens, and I have heard say that you once made a mistake in the dark," Esau said and burst out in rude laughter.

"There was no mistake this time," Jacob said. "The one I contended with blessed me and gave me my new name."

"Then you are not afraid of anyone now?" Esau repeated his former question.

"I am afraid," Jacob conceded.

"How is this possible?"

"It is difficult, almost impossible to explain, brother," Jacob's voice became a whisper. "A man may strive and contend with God in the night, and prevail over him, yet be afraid during the day, afraid of many things."

Esau looked at him blankly and said in a conciliating tone: "Let us not quarrel, little brother who has prevailed. You tell the truth when you say you are afraid. This I can see plainly. Perhaps you also tell the truth about what happened at night. I am a hunter and a warrior, a man of daylight, but I know that strange things happen in the night. I have heard their sounds sometimes in the Mountain of Seir. So I will not dispute with you; though, little brother, I find it hard to imagine you as a battler against God, and a winner to boot. I remember how quickly you fled after that trick you played on me many years ago. How you did run, ha ha ha! And Mama had to help you! Come, come now," he added seeing Jacob's crestfallen expression and slapped him on the back. "Let's forget bygones. I have forgiven you long ago. But all the same, this last one, about you becoming Israel—this is a good one. And now what would you have of me? Will you come with me to Seir? I will welcome you there. As your older brother I tell you I will. Or should I leave some of my men to go with you? You know," Esau grinned devilishly, "the countryside isn't too safe, and though you have

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vanquished God, how will you do against an armed gang?" And again he burst into loud laughter.

Thus they parted and Jacob felt relieved when the interview with Esau ended and his brother together with his four hundred men took the road southward. He returned to his camp at noontime where he was eagerly awaited by everyone. His momentary discomfiture by Esau's raw remarks which had caused him to lower both his head and his voice gave way to a sense of elation. He had triumphed again. The victories were coming fast on the heels of each other. First Laban pursued him and was persuaded to make peace, then there was the mysterious encounter in the night which had given him a proud new name and identity, and hours after that came the victory over Esau whom he had feared more than all the others,

As he entered his encampment the glow of pride on his face could be read by all his retainers and they breathed more easily knowing that the danger had passed, but none dared ask Jacob what had happened though all wanted to know. It was not till some hours later, when the evening meal was served to him, that Jacob called Leah and Rachel to join him in his tent. For some time they sat in silence waiting for him to finish his meal. And when he had finished and had dipped his fingers into the bowl which a servant had brought him and still said nothing, Rachel opened the conversation with a question.

"Your brother Esau has departed without doing us harm. Will you not tell us how you persuaded him to go, Israel our husband?"

"That I will gladly do, and it was in order to tell you that I invited you to be present here. It was a terrifying experience, for my brother Esau had come here with his army to destroy us. Seeking an alibi to attack us he accused me of having cheated him of his birthright and he claimed that all I had was his. But I was not afraid of him and I offered him the choice of peace as more fitting between brothers, especially since. . . . But he had already heard of my exploit last night and that I was no longer Jacob, the one who flees all the time, and therefore he wisely chose the peace I offered him and departed home."

"And you were not afraid at all?" Rachel exclaimed and there was mockery in her voice. Leah made frantic signs to her to be silent, fearful of Jacob's anger, but Rachel disregarded these and continued, "Yet you gave him all those rich presents."

"The presents I gave him because he is my brother, and I have much left and will have that much more," Jacob answered curtly.

"Israel, you are great among the men of the earth," Rachel exclaimed mockingly, as Leah wrung her hands nervously at the possible outcome of such a conversation. From her own experience she knew the devastating sweep of Jacob's wrath which Rachel now seemed to be fanning.

"I am your husband, and that should suffice for you, whether I am great among men or not," Jacob retorted. "Also bear in mind that I have bested your father, wrestled with God, and this day I have saved all of you from the sword of my brother Esau. That is enough. Whether I was afraid or not does not matter, And now," he concluded and by rising himself gave them the sign that they were to go, "it is best that

you retire to your tents for tomorrow we must start early toward Schechem."

On the way to their tents Leah chided Rachel for her behavior. "You have angered him, and he is our lord and husband," she said.

"Israel," Rachel said aloud speaking to herself. "If he is like a God, or even mightier than one, why could he not give me sons? When I asked him for a son lest I die, he flew into one of his rages and said, 'Am I then in the place of God?' "

"Do not complain," Leah pleaded with her. "Now you have a son, Joseph, and moreover, Jacob loves you. It is you he loves to this day, whereas I, despite all the sons I bore him, am barely tolerated."

"That he loves me I know," Rachel conceded, "only he is a man of dreams and in his dreams at night, his love, his God, and he himself sometimes get inextricably mixed up so that even he cannot tell where dream ends and reality begins. You know this, sister," she hissed toward Leah and without another word went into her tent.

On his couch of skins in his own tent Jacob mused with some bitterness. "They do not understand. Not one of them understands, excepting Rachel possibly, and she is bitter against me ever since the night of my marriage to Leah. It seems impossible for them to understand that one can strive with God as man strives with man and gain the upper hand yet know fear. 'Was I not afraid of Esau?' she asked. As if she did not know. Of course I was afraid of Esau, even as formerly I was afraid of Laban. I am afraid of many things. I am a man of many fears. Yet it is possible to be afraid of small things but strive with the great ones. They all think so simply. If a man is not afraid of an unarmed man, he will be afraid of one armed. And if he is not afraid of one armed man, he will be afraid of ten armed men. If he is not afraid of the jackal, he will be afraid of the lion. A symmetrical hierarchy of fears. This is how Esau thinks. This is how Leah thinks when she thinks, for being a simple woman she is not given much to thought. But I know that it is possible to be afraid of the snarling stray dog on the outskirts of the camp yet to be able to strive with man and even with God and to prevail. They cannot understand this, hence they laugh at me as much as they dare. But I know it to be true, the truth, and I will proclaim it everywhere that I am Jacob-Israel. I am Israel.

Rachel's Death

> *And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath. . . .* Genesis 48.

THE ENTIRE encampment was in turmoil. They had been marching steadily southward. They were no more than a day's march from Hebron, which was also known as Mamre or Arbah, the abode of Isaac, or perhaps two days if one were to proceed very slowly. There they were to stop, not permanently, for they never stopped anywhere permanently, but at least for some time. They all longed for the rest

in store for them. It had been a long journey from Padan and one beset with many adventures. Now a resting place was almost within sight. And just then Rachel went into labor and Jacob ordered a halt. This was not unexpected. Jacob would not leave Rachel with some servants and a midwife and proceed with the rest of his followers. The final lap of the journey would have to wait.

Jacob retired to his tent to await word of the birth of Rachel's child. All the others gathered in little clusters and ominously whispered among themselves, for it became apparent very soon that Rachel's labor was not proceeding normally. The midwife, it is true, sent out frequent word by her helpers that all was going well, merely a somewhat protracted labor. And to Rachel, too, she said: "Fear not, thou shalt have this son also." But then everyone knew that midwives, like doctors, had to be cheerful and to encourage their patients.

The groups of people whispered among themselves, but as the hours passed and Rachel was not delivered, they ceased whispering and merely shrugged their shoulders meaningfully. Thus the hours dragged on until the news finally flashed through the camp: Rachel has given birth to a son; she named him Benoni—son of my sorrow; Rachel died. Everybody tiptoed away meantime casting apprehensive glances in the direction of Jacob's tent.

No one told Jacob that Rachel died. There was no one who dared to. But Jacob knew. He knew that Rachel died; he also knew that the child was born alive. It was natural that he should know. Jacob had the habit of holding long obsessive mental discussions with himself whenever he was under any mental or emotional strain, which was nearly all the time. He held such discussions—arguments, rather—with himself justifying his own behavior, with God with whom his contentions were not limited to that night before he met his brother Esau, with other people with whom he was involved in one way or another. When Rachel went into labor and Jacob isolated himself in his tent to await the outcome, he almost at once entered compulsively into a long discussion with her. He was under great strain and fearful of the outcome. He felt guilty, sensing that because of the interminable argument—though often without words—which had gone on between him and her ever since that first night in their bridal chamber, he harbored a resentment against her and might secretly have wished that she fail in the birth of her second son or even that she die in her labor. On the other hand, he also knew that he loved her very much, as much as on the day he first saw her, and that her death or failure would also mean his own failure and at least partial death.

While he was thus engaged in his endless argument, his ear was alive to every murmur that came from outside. He was familiar with the least sounds of the camp and any change in their rhythm at once impressed itself upon his brain. He heard the shuffling of the people as they moved about whispering and comparing opinions and hopes. He heard the special sounds that came from Rachel's tent—her occasional outcries, the call of the midwife ordering her assistants to do one thing or another. When the people quietly fled to their tents and an oppres-

sive silence set in, only broken by the discordant braying of an ass or the baying of a dog, he became aware of it at once and correctly interpreted it to mean that Rachel had died. He also knew that the newborn child was alive because of the frequent calls of the midwife urging her helpers to be quick about their duties.

Jacob left his tent and went to see Rachel. Many eyes watched him furtively but no one said a word to him. Some of the people were quietly packing their belongings, convinced that Jacob would soon order the tents struck so that Rachel's body could be taken to Hebron for internment in the Cave of Machpelah, the family burial vault which Abraham had bought when Sarah died. Only when he entered the tent where Rachel lay was Jacob confronted by the midwife who held out the infant to him. He looked at the child without apparent concern and declared almost casually, "I will call him Benjamin—the son of my right hand." "His mother named him Benoni just before she died," the midwife said, but seeing the expression of remoteness in Jacob's eyes, as if he had not heard her, she retreated from before him and nodded to her helpers to leave the tent together with her. Jacob was left alone with Rachel.

For some time he looked at Rachel's uncovered face. Distorted with agony a short while before, her face had quickly relaxed into an expression of calm repose and had not yet assumed that special pallor which distinguishes the dead and removes them from communication with the living. Whether he actually spoke to her or merely thought the words which he later remembered, he could not recall. But after looking at the familiar beloved features for some time, he said, "Now the conflict between us is ended." He paused for a while, since these opening words unleashed an almost incoherent torrent in his mind, and then he continued, "Now the conflict is in my mind alone. I have loved you, Rachel, from the first moment that I saw you at the well. And you have loved me. But you could never forgive me the error of my first night with Leah. I, in turn, could never forgive you your resentment. I was innocent, and in my innocence I erred. Had I loved you less that error could not have taken place. I would not have been so impatient, I would not have been so blinded—for I was blinded then by the belief that it was you to whom I was led. Reality vanished; there was only the thought: 'I am going to Rachel; after seven years' waiting I am going to my beloved.' So overwhelmed was I with this knowledge that no doubt could enter my mind. You were to be in the bridal chamber waiting for me, and had your father Laban substituted not Leah but a veritable log of wood, I would not have known the difference considering the state of ecstasy I was in.

"You knew this, yet you could not forgive me. Though you wanted me to be in ecstasy at the impending consummation of our love, you also seemed to have expected me to act like a merchant in the marketplace who examines the merchandise he buys lest he be cheated, whereas I could not then believe that anyone could deal falsely, for true love, such as I felt for you, knows and tolerates no falseness or even the thought of the existence of falsehood. In my great exultation I became

a bridegroom ravished. Nor is this such a unique occurrence either among men or among women who in the great generosity induced by their happiness sometimes blindly lavish themselves on anyone who is mean enough to take advantage of their state of thoughtless bliss.

"Such was the case. I too did not forgive myself my error nor did I ever become reconciled to my loss. But since the error was mine in the beginning, I reached out to you hoping that in your understanding you would forgive me that which I could not forgive myself. But you, like me, wanted perfection, and feeling that you had been deprived of it even in the least degree, you turned against me. And now it was my turn to resent your anger, and not to forgive you for it, since it caused me double punishment—that which I inflicted on myself and that which you inflicted on me.

"This rejection in the midst of love I became aware of soon, and a great fear came upon me—a justified fear, as it turned out—that it would last as long as we lived. For such seems to be the way of thinking of our kind. Thus my father Isaac felt when he was chosen and then rejected as a sacrifice. Thus our forefather Adam felt when he was driven out of Eden for a slight disobedience committed in a moment of thoughtlessness.

"We loved one another, Rachel. Ours is perhaps the first and certainly the greatest love between man and woman, and this unforgivingness between us may cast a pall on the loves of all those who come after us. You turned away from me, and then, in my bitterness at the excess of the punishment, I turned from you, at least insofar as I sought to punish you.

"Poor Leah! All these years she envied you. She envied you my love which did indeed belong to you and to none other. She envied you the nights we lay together which so far outnumbered the nights I lay with her. In her humiliation she even tried to buy a night from you with the mandrakes which her son had found in the field, as if my love were something to be bartered between the two of you. But she did not know, and had she known she would not have understood, how it came about that so many of those nights together were spent in unforgiving anger so that often it would have been better had we been apart, for then we could at least have longed for each other with the same strength with which we refused each other when we were together.

"Now this struggle between us has ended. You died in an act of love, giving life to Benjamin, or Benoni as you wished him to be called. Your grievances against me are finally laid to rest; mine against myself and against you remain with me. Our great but frustrated love will work itself out in other ways, and I know that as my love for you was unlike that for Leah, so will my love for your sons be unlike that for my other sons.

"There remains one last act between us that partakes of the real, and that is your burial. I could—and it would be a small matter—take your body to the Cave of Machpelah, that it might rest there until the day when mine is placed alongside it, there to remain forever after together with those of Abraham and Isaac and their wives. I know that

everyone expects me to do so, since I favored you so far above my other wives.

"But I will not do so. The others will not understand, but you would understand, Rachel. I will bury you here, in this place, though it is but little more than the distance of the flight of an arrow from the burial place of my fathers. I will erect a monument over your grave, a pillar. I will grieve that in your death you will be the loved one apart even as you were the loved one unattained in your life, but it would be false to simulate a reconciliation and forgiveness in death which we could not achieve in our life.

"Thus great love breeds great guilt and still greater rejection."

Thus Jacob spoke, or thought, standing over Rachel's body. When he finished he went outside and called his people together. He ordered them to dig a grave on that spot. Some of the people raised their eyebrows in surprise at the unexpected order. Others mechanically went to carry it out. Only Leah looked intently at Jacob with eyes red-rimmed from shedding the conventional tears for a deceased sister, and when she understood the import of Jacob's order, a light smile of triumph played fitfully at the corner of her mouth for an instant, and then it disappeared.



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Jews Between "Right" and "Left"

By J. L. TALMON

OUR generation has witnessed so much ideological confusion that the baffled spectator no longer seems able to arrive at a precise definition of Right and Left, and the traditional criteria for progress and reaction no longer seem adequate. Jews appear most perplexed of all because so many of their cherished assumptions have been belied by events, so many certainties have proved to be no more than wishful thinking.

The distinction between Right and Left originated in the parliamentary assemblies of the French Revolution. Parties which defended the *status quo* were seated on the right wing of the amphitheater, while those which agitated for change took their places on the left side. The division into Right and Left was unknown before the French Revolution, since there were no representative bodies or political parties in the age of absolutism. In countries where assemblies of the Estates had existed without interruption from the Middle Ages, distinctions were not based on ideological differences in the modern sense of the word.

Similarly, the division into Right and Left is not part of the original British parliamentary traditions, and again for a technical reason. In the British House of Commons the party in power sits to the right of the Speaker, the opposition party sits to his left, the two facing each other. It would be an anachronism to consider the division of Tories and Whigs in the eighteenth century as a confrontation of conservatives and radicals.

The accidental origin of the division into Right and Left was, however, soon forgotten, and the terms came to designate two opposing world-outlooks. For a long time the Jews adhered to an axiom formulated by republicans in France a century ago: *Pas d'ennemis au gauche*—"There is no enemy on the Left." And its corrolary, consequently, was that all evil originates on the Right. The conceptions of Right and Left current among politically conscious Jews were steeped in the myth of the Revolution, and the political nomenclature and associations of several generations of Jews reproduced the well-known patterns of Left ideology and expression. The fear of being identified with the Right is so great among Jews that in Israel today parties regarded normally as rightist have refused to sit on

the right-hand benches of the Knesset. As Gustav Flaubert once put it, "The bourgeois—that's always the other fellow." It is very doubtful whether even a sophisticated Israeli can shake off the image of the Right as the defender of privilege, the exploiter of labor, the chauvinistic, anti-Semitic vanguard of reaction bent on diverting the attention of the masses from social injustice. The Left, on the other hand, is regarded as a movement for the redemption of man, the liberation of peoples, and for the equitable distribution of goods through the social ownership of the means of production. The Left and anti-Semitism are of course seen as mutually exclusive terms.

A re-evaluation of these shibboleths must begin with an examination of the premises of Right and Left at the moment of their emergence, during the period of the French Revolution. A survey of the historical development of each camp will inevitably raise this question: to what extent does the old distinction between Right and Left still hold good in general, and for Jews in particular?

THE LEFT believes in the natural goodness of man. In line with its optimistic view of life, the Left strives to provide man with the widest opportunities for self-expression: freedom, rights, security, and access to whatever enriches life and enhances individual dignity. It is confident that man will make good use of these opportunities. Naturally, the Left cannot deny the existence of evil, the prevalence of aggressive instincts and anti-social conduct; but it argues that these are the consequences of repressive institutions and laws prompted by the doctrine of the natural depravity of man. By such means, man's naturally benign instincts were frustrated, and his healthy energies distorted and diverted to anti-social violence and corruption. Given freedom and self-expression and an absence of inhibiting social arrangements, man's natural propensities will spontaneously produce harmonious social patterns. The contradiction between private interest and the general good will be resolved, the opposition between freedom and necessity will disappear, and the separation of the ideal and the real will lose all meaning.

For the Left, the past is a wholly unreliable guide to the present and future, based as it was on pernicious beliefs and unjust laws. Thus the Left asserts for each generation the right to declare its independence of the past, to re-examine its inherited values and to order its life in accordance with its own understanding and needs. Man must be his own legislator and every generation its own master.

The Right has a deep-seated suspicion of humanity. Believing that man is evil, weak and corrupt, the Right is afraid of man as his own master. His natural desires require a tight rein. For once his evil impulses are let loose, society sinks to the level of internecine warfare, and life becomes, in Hobbes' phrase, "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short." It is therefore essential that authority come from above, ultimately from God and immediately from his surrogates on earth: from a priesthood which interprets His teachings, from royalty which rules by His grace, from an aristocracy which combines superior qualities and the traditional skills in the art of ruling. On a more abstract level, the Right insists that there is need for such impersonal checks as religion, tradition, ancient usage, established institutions and fixed ordinances.

The Left sees in religion a device employed by exploiting and repressive forces to convince the masses of their irremediable weakness, sinfulness and utter dependence upon the powers

that be. This is the basis of the execrable distinction between the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of earth, between spirit and matter, between the ideal and the real. This basic distinction permanently stifles the hope that man can ever attain a just social order on earth.

The doctrine of original sin is the mainstay of the Right. Society, like the individual burdened with a "complex," is unable to act in accordance with what reason teaches it is good. Man cannot be redeemed by his own efforts but is dependent on divine grace. Without the fear of God there can be no order among headstrong and rebellious children. Such wayward creatures would never be able to develop and abide by the principles of right reason and morality without the aid of revealed religion.

The optimistic Left regards the heritage of the past as an incubus; the pessimistic Right sees it as a life-preserver. For the Left, the ways of the past are obsolete, outdated encumbrances; for the Right, the very survival of these traditions proves their usefulness and legitimacy, while the new has yet to prove itself. The Left condemns existing institutions as evil but extols man as good; for the Right it is the institutions that are good and man that is evil.

The Right believes that the world and its goods are finite; for the Left they are infinite. In the former's view, the quantity of material goods available for distribution is limited. If these goods were divided equally, no one would receive more than a pittance, and the result would be utter impoverishment, general barbarization, the end of civilization. Hence it is preferable to perpetuate inequality and with it a system whereby the many toil for the sake of the few—for it is these few who preserve the patterns of civilization. Modern technology, with its promise of limitless production and plenty, was seized upon by the Left as a decisive argument against this doctrine of inequality. It follows that the Left believes in social-economic revolution and, in effect, challenges each generation to begin its political experience with a fresh slate of institutions. The Right, on the other hand, not only denies the justice of revolution but even its possibility. It is convinced that in the last analysis revolutions are illusory.

The Left enthrones the individual as the first and ultimate entity and end of society. Society is the product of a social compact; it is assembled or dismantled in accordance with the conscious resolve of rational beings. Nothing is hallowed merely by reason of its existence. Tradition possesses no sanctity which can compel us to render reverent obedience. To promote the individualist goals of society—the freedom, happiness and dignity of the individual—it is permissible, even obligatory, to overturn ancient institutions and to set up, consciously and deliberately, a new social structure that will realize those goals.

The Right refuses to see in the individual an independent entity capable of choosing its course rationally. It would deny to the current generation the right to determine its own path without reference to the past. The Right accords greater power to the dead than to the living. It holds that the human personality is shaped by collective, impersonal forces reaching into the dim, distant past. The attributes of our character are preponderantly the product of heredity. The language we speak is not our creation: we received it, and it molds the very processes of our thought. The usages we observe have been developed by past generations. Climate, terrain and other geographic factors determine our existence

to a far greater degree than do our own conscious calculations. The irrational, instinctive and reflexive elements in our lives are of far greater moment than the rational and conscious ones. Just as there are no shortcuts or sharp discontinuities in nature, so total revolution as the result of deliberate, rational calculation is inconceivable. Development is gradual: this is a law of nature—from the seed to the embryo, from the suckling to the child, from the lad to the man. In the light of this analysis, revolution can only be a change of leadership. Whatever innovations may be introduced in outward forms, the distinction between rulers and ruled is firm and immutable. A total change in the nature of man and in the laws of society, which grows out of man's nature, is inconceivable.

It is not hard to deduce from all this that the Left tends toward universalism, whereas the Right is normally nationalistic. The Right regards the individual as a function of a collective historical entity, the nation. And the nation is a natural phenomenon, the product of history, and not a mere human contrivance. Contrariwise, in the Left's hierarchy of values, rational man, a reflection of universal reason, is assigned the superior role; distinctions of race and tradition are, by comparison, significant. From this to the denigration of national boundaries and the glorification of universal unity, or at least the unity of the international proletariat, is but a short step. So for the Left, quarrels between nations are not inevitable; instead, it attributes them to the competition for power and profit among rulers or ruling classes whose rivalry sows dissension and strife among peoples. The Right, on the other hand, accords supreme value to the nation and claims that competition between nations is innate and inevitable. Thus the fate of the individual is indissolubly bound up with that of his country. The Right therefore directs its attention chiefly to foreign affairs and treats problems of the domestic economy as ancillary to foreign policy. The individual's well-being is a function of the nation's economic progress, which is, in turn, dependent upon national security and the nation's standing in international rivalries.

How does one respond to the disparate appeals of Right and Left? The aspirations of the Left elicit warmer sympathy, but the major premises of the Right possess greater depth. Generous impulses throb on the Left; a sense of tragedy informs the Right. One will often find on the Left a naive optimism that borders on folly; on the Right, there is much narrow rigidity and obfuscation. To the former, all things seem easy and possible; to the latter, no change seems feasible or worthwhile. The two extremes do approach a common center: on the Right, the arrogance of callousness to the underprivileged and lowly; on the Left, the arrogance of fanaticism that claims exclusive possession of the whole truth.

IF IN THE light of the foregoing analysis we examine traditional Judaism as a spiritual and historical phenomenon, it becomes clear at once that in essence Judaism savors strongly of the doctrines of the Right: the overriding injunction to God's Chosen People to walk in the ways of their fathers; the absolute validity of tradition; the preservation of national identity as the supreme duty; and, as its corrolary, the unremitting and obstinate resistance to external assimilatory pressures. The Jew's Judaism is recognized as a fact which determines his fate, and therefore the allegiance he owes to the national-religious entity is the most categorical of all imperatives. Where could one find a more striking example

of the dominance of the dead over the living, or of the precedence of the historical community over the individual's right to self-determination?

To be sure, the revolutionary élan of Zionism powerfully projected the resolve that the Jewish people shape its destiny with its own hands rather than remain the plaything of an inexorable fate and of malignant forces. But more deeply rooted, and more decisive still for the success of the Zionist movement, was the powerful consciousness of the unity of Jewish history and of the Jewish people throughout the ages and throughout the world. Neither the Jewish predicament in Galuth nor the idealism and courage of the pioneers of Zionist settlement; neither the achievements of the Yishuv nor the valor of the Israeli Army would alone have sufficed to gain the world's recognition of the Jewish right to Palestine. That recognition was gained—the fruit of two thousand years of Bible reading in the Western world—because of the general awareness of the unbroken continuity and identity of the historical phenomenon of Judaism.

Despite the kinship of the spirit of Judaism and the doctrines of the Right, the historical circumstances attending the birth of the modern age made the Right the enemy of the Jewish people, and the Left its ally. The ruling classes —the feudal nobility and the Church— invoked historical tradition. The Left— mainly the liberal bourgeoisie and the petty bourgeoisie that followed its lead —raised the banner of abstract natural law and the rights of man. The Right spoke in the name of the past and of existing realities, for these were the props of its authority. The revolutionary Left saw only abomination in the dead hand of the past, and so it resorted to principles of abstract reason. But historical tradition, the past, and existing institutions were fetters on the body and soul of the Jewish people. As a result, the Jews inevitably linked their aspirations to the abstract principles of the revolutionary camp.

(Parenthetically, this ideological commitment of an awakened Jewry involved the Jews in a fundamental contradiction between the abstract, universal principles of natural law and the uniqueness of the historical Jewish entity; between full civil rights for the Jewish individual and the preservation of the national identity. That contradiction has remained unresolved from the days of Moses Mendelssohn to the Bund and Hashomer Hatzair.)

It was only natural that the Jews should do so. Conservatives took the Jews as the particular object of their hatred. The awakening of this universally despised people particularly incensed the privileged classes; it struck them as a vivid and decisive sign of the overthrow of all order, the rank growth of plebeian effrontery, the desecration of traditional standards and sanctities. For the clergy, equality for the Jews represented a flagrant assault upon the Christian character of the state. Thus, situated on a battleground where the Right attacked them and the Left defended them, the Jews had no choice but, as an elementary matter of self-preservation, to adopt the rationalist and utilitarian credo of the Left. Furthermore, they had no reason to revere the medieval-feudal past. The romantic myths of medieval chivalry, the traditions of Christianity, and the symbols of nationhood represented to them only the stigmata of a long, drawn-out, and bitter experience of violence and oppression. Finally, the Jews were able to avail themselves quite early of the new instruments of power—commercial opportunity, economic enterprise, financial resourcefulness, industrial diligence —which the rising bourgeoisie had forged to supplant the traditional roads

to influence: ancestral, religious authority and feudal privilege.

UNITED IN the face of the common enemy in the first days of the French Revolution, the anti-feudal Left soon split into opposing camps. With the final collapse of the feudal-clerical reaction in France after the revolution of 1830, Right and Left came to connote the struggle between the conservative bourgeois liberals and the revolutionary social or socialist forces of the Revolution. It is important to remember, however, that both components of the new political constellation continued to maintain the belief in the ultimate perfectibility of man and the progressive advance of society toward the final goal of social harmony.

The moderate bourgeois liberals feared the political millenarians who sought to take the kingdom of heaven by storm. The radicals genuinely believed that total salvation—a society based upon absolute equality and social harmony—was just around the corner and that only hard-hearted, stupid and selfish reactionaries barred the way to its realization. As the trustees of posterity, they considered themselves duty-bound to those who, because of stupidity or wickedness, impeded the course of History. It was incumbent upon them to confront the timid, the unimaginative and the backward with a *fait accompli.*

In reaction to the violent determination of the millenarians, the moderate elements developed a pragmatic conception of politics as a process of trial and error. Politics for them came to mean a technique for dealing with immediate, concrete conditions; the fulfillment of the messianic social dream was postponed to a distant point in the future, to be approached only slowly and gradually. So the liberals found themselves unwitting disciples of the conservatives. The concrete past, the particular national tradition, the unique individuality of each nation—these came to possess a far more potent appeal to them than the revolutionary imposition of some abstract conception of the ideal society.

The messianic Left—so the Liberals argued—stands condemned by its use of force at the very outset of its mission. Its object is to liberate the individual from all personal dependence and to create a society of absolute equality, and it ends by imposing uniform patterns of thought, conduct and property relations. The price of equality is freedom. Those who see themselves as agents of historical necessity, executors of the will of History, presume to know the will of the people better than the people themselves. They seek to achieve a revolutionary *fait accompli* and postulate the ultimate liquidation of all their opponents. But is this not, then, a return to the old division between rulers and the ruled? Does this not reflect a contemptuously manipulative attitude toward their fellow-men, as though they were either children or malefactors?

The primary meaning of freedom is indeed the removal of chains; but the imposition of abstract freedom is yet another, newer form of pernicious constraint on man. For in the last analysis, man is a creature of habit, warmly attached to the living substance of his concrete situation. Man loves what he is accustomed to more than he desires innovation; he is by nature more of a conservative than a revolutionary. You cannot save an individual by forcing him to conform to an ideal pattern; on the contrary, you strip him of the concrete substance which constitutes his special and unique individuality.

The chief point at issue was economic—the role of property in the rising social order. Liberalism sought to free

man from the pressures and constraints of feudalism, to assure freedom of gainful occupation to every individual. Liberal economic theory mirrored Liberal psychology: just as the natural desires of man attain a state of equilibrium when given free rein, so man's freely competing economic enterprises will produce a proper equilibrium between supply and demand, between the interests of producers and consumers. Against this, the socialists argued that if man's economic security was not assured, all abstract freedoms and rights, however solemnly proclaimed, were nothing but a snare and a delusion. In their view, laissez-faire and the social inequality it engenders are tantamount to the subjection of the weak and the poor to the will of the rich and the powerful, whose sole interest is to exploit those who possess nothing but the labor of their hands.

It is the duty of government, Liberalism taught, to protect freedom. It is the duty of government, the socialists cried, to ensure man's survival. While the liberals condemned the despotism of kings, they were no less fearful of the violence and terror of the Left. Hence their concern with ways of limiting the power of government. The socialist challenge to the state to assure the survival of each of its citizens by assuming control of the means of production and distribution appeared to the liberals to open the door to slavery. It was not difficult for the socialists to reproach the liberals with being more concerned with the privileges of inherited property than with freedom. This privilege was particularly irritating to the socialists, for it was the only one that remained after all other hereditary privileges had been swept away. There was no rational principle to justify it. Its isolation now only made it all the more conspicuous and vulnerable; to the socialists this single privilege seemed a disguised restoration of all the others.

The liberals did indeed agree that private property was the key to their entire system, but in this they saw a decisive argument for its retention. All the other freedoms — of thought, expression, belief, movement, etc.—were vague and indefinite things, but the guarantee of property was something substantial, and hence a buffer against encroachments on the other freedoms. If it were abolished, all the other freedoms would remain lifeless abstractions. The government which could seize all means of production would become an all-powerful Leviathan whose citizens would be reduced to the status of slaves.

IT WAS IN this context that the question of the nature of man was raised anew. In the view of the liberals, social security and absolute equality achieved through the abolition of private property would deprive man of every incentive to exert himself. If he has no prospect of improving his situation, of excelling, of bequeathing the fruit of his labor to his children, why should he labor at all? Under such conditions, productivity would drop drastically, a general decline of vitality would ensue, and we should all find ourselves reduced to poverty. The Left responded by projecting a new image of man. The man of the future would act on motives to which contemporary man is indifferent: satisfaction in one's work, love of one's neighbor, commitment to an ideal of justice.

This discussion was of course powerfully affected by the implications and consequences of the Industrial Revolution. Its advent on the morrow of the French Revolution, in the atmosphere of messianic expectation which the latter aroused, was regarded by contemporaries not as an age of rapid tech-

nological development, but as an apocalyptic turning-point. Immediately beyond lay the imminent dénouement of the messianic drama which all men were solemnly obliged to hasten along. The extreme hardships created by the Industrial Revolution appeared not as a crisis of readjustment to unexpected and rapid changes, but as the apocalyptic travail of a new world about to be born.

Some historians are eager to prove that the evils of the early part of the Industrial Revolution have been considerably exaggerated, since they were accompanied by certain decided advances. For example, prices of many commodities previously beyond the means of the workers were considerably reduced. Nevertheless, whatever the objective situation may have been, the measure of suffering is always in the end subjective. The fact was that the worker of those days who had learned the lessons of human dignity and human rights from the French Revolution was not inclined to accept poverty as a permanent expression of God's will. And he greeted with growing restiveness the glaring contradiction between the potential abundance promised by the new technology and the immediately evil consequences of the Industrial Revolution. This contradiction was cast into even sharper relief in the light of the revolutionary doctrine that the welfare of the individual is the supreme goal of the social contract. The doctrine was belied by the reality: man had become chained to the machine or had been made superfluous by it.

For a time Liberalism yielded to the mood of hard-bitten conservatism and accepted the pessimistic views of Malthus and Ricardo. According to their teachings, the constant growth of population coupled with the fierce competition of industrialists in various countries inexorably results in the iron rule that the workers' pay can never exceed the minimum necessary for bare subsistence. Workers who demanded pay increases, shorter working hours, or the abolition of children's and women's labor failed to understand that these reforms would hit them first and hardest, for they would be followed by industrial paralysis and unemployment. There were, in fact, entrepreneurs who did not regard unemployment as a disaster, for they believed that poverty serves as a goad to exertion and unemployment provides a constant reserve of labor force. In one sense, the selfishness of the capitalists was more callous than the attitude of the feudal lord to his serfs, for the impersonal character of industrial relations precluded the patriarchal solicitude that was occasionally to be found in the seugnieurial system.

The liberals of the Right maintained that the system of private property and freedom of economic initiative was the only safeguard of the perennial values of civilization. Though it was unhappily true that the masses suffered heavy burdens, any attempts to upset the prevailing economic order were bound to lead to chaos. The order of Creation cannot be altered by utopian dreams; similarly, it would be criminally insane to sabotage the operation of so complex a structure as the industrial system by experimenting with fanciful theories. The clamor of the discontented poor for a free and equal vote was tantamount to a demand for a social revolution. For after they had won a majority of votes, the masses would divide property among themselves, causing disaster to the national economy and the collapse of all civilization. In these circumstances, there was no choice but to deprive the poor of the franchise and to institute restrictive measures against anarchistic and

communistic agitation. Thus the liberals desecrated the most sacred article of their creed—the right of the individual to determine and defend his own fate at the ballot box, in the press, through political assembly. It was this betrayal which led Karl Marx to declare that the bourgeois state is not a national government, but an instrument of bourgeois exploitation, and its administration—the executive committee of the exploiting classes.

But Marx's formulation remained true only for a short period. Developments of his own day soon removed the sting from his words. The speedy victory of the revolutionary forces of 1848 over the old order was quickly followed by the not less easy victory of the bourgeoisie over the revolutionary socialist movement. In the democratic elections held in 1848, the conservative instinct of the agrarian masses prevailed over the revolutionary aspirations of the urban workers. To its surprise, Europe discovered that unrestricted franchise was not a preliminary to revolution, but rather a support for conservative forces. The bourgeoisie, which had been haunted by the specter of revolution and which, at the beginning of 1848 had thought itself doomed, now breathed freely again, and with its self-confidence restored, bourgeois liberalism became more generous.

THE second half of the 19th century witnessed the triumph of the free, equal and universal franchise, and an increasing series of social reforms. The opening up of new markets in various parts of the world for European manufactures, the vastly improved means of communication, and the invention of new technical processes brought remarkable prosperity. An incidental result of the triumphant Industrial Revolution was the alleviation of many of the evils it had spawned at the outset. The first victims of capitalist manufacture, those artisans and craftsmen who had fought bitterly for their precarious independence against the Leviathan of mass production, were finally absorbed by the economy. Living conditions improved. Factories were located in spacious buildings, and measures were taken to prevent accidents on the job. General prosperity, the pressure of enlightened public opinion, the awakened conscience of some of the industrialists, and a better understanding of their own long-range interests—all these factors led the manufacturers to realize that the advantages of long working hours were deceptive and that a shorter work-day ensured higher productivity. They perceived that the labor of women and children would eventually undermine the vitality of the labor force of the next generation. And they came to understand that trade unions were not necessarily a conspiracy to impose the will of the workers by violence, but an instrument for regulating labor relations—that collective bargaining was not an arbitrary restriction on the freedom of contract, but its true expression.

By the second half of the 19th century, Marx's prognosis for Western Europe had been proven by events to be mistaken. The doctrine of the father of "scientific socialism" was based on conditions that obtained only in the first half of the century—the economic development of England, German philosophy, French political life. Its political program was wholly a response to the events of 1848—and that, only to their external and immediate consequences. Marx had predicted the progressive impoverishment of the masses as a result of the concentration of the means of production in the hands of an increasingly small number of owners. Instead, the proliferation of stock

companies and credit organizations extended capitalist ownership to wide strata. The upper echelons of labor became bourgeois. Workers who were elected to public office attained influence, and the success of trade unions and their political organizations gave the lie to the dogma that the workers were slaves and that their country was their enemy, not their homeland. In 1914, the workers of all countries remained staunchly patriotic and rejected the banner of international proletarian solidarity and revolution.

In this corrected perspective, the 19th century in the West emerges not as an age of revolution but as an epoch in which the revolution was tamed. The gradual but unmistakable realization of the authentic and fundamental aspirations of the Left did not result from the success of the revolution, but from the fact that it never took place. True progress in the extension of freedom has no greater enemy, no more formidable obstacles, than an atmosphere of emergency. Such an atmosphere is the inevitable concomitant of the revolutionary situation; it is stimulated by the fanatical resolve in preparing the revolution, by the fear of those against whom it is directed, and once it has been achieved, by the strenuous efforts to maintain it against enemies from within and without. Seen in this context, West European democratic socialism is clearly a synthesis of social messianism and empirical liberalism, rather than the heir of messianic radicalism alone.

At the close of the 19th century the revolutionary specter wandered eastward.

IN THE STRUGGLE between bourgeois liberalism and the various forms of socialism in the 19th century, the interests of the Jews of Western and Central Europe lay with liberalism. The Jews belonged to the upper or middle bourgeoisie. They had reason to feel uneasy about the proletariat and avoided contact with it. Because of their place in the social structure, they tended to adopt the liberal outlook, which viewed life as a field for adventure, an aggregate of opportunities. Liberalism protected the Jew at once from the disabilities imposed by the *ancien regime* and from the encroachments of socialist plans for the nationalization of the means of production. The Jew of the West sought not security from hunger, but an opportunity to rise in the social scale. The recurrent crises of the laissez-faire system did not frighten him; he saw them as so many opportunities. In a general atmosphere of adventure and initiative, the Jews were given virtually official encouragement as pioneers and entrepreneurs. They were able to make significant contributions to the expansion of capitalist economy in the West and to exert a powerful influence on the industrialization of more backward countries. It is not often remembered that early socialist propaganda, including the writings of Marx himself, portrayed the Jew as the high priest of the cult of the golden calf. The Rothschilds and other Jewish financiers were credited with pulling the strings of the modern capitalist state—"the kings of the age," the Fourierist Toussenel called them.

Yet European socialism would have been inconceivable without the prophetic and messianic elements represented by the Jewish Saint-Simonists, Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle, and so many other Jews. What made Marxism a gospel for millions was not its keen analysis of economic determinism, but its vibrant, compelling faith in History as a drama of salvation. Despite

the claim that it is only an analysis of objective trends, Marx's doctrine of self-alienation derives its true effectiveness from the prophetic denunciation of the dehumanizing subjection of men to the products of their own hands, from the passionate protest against the fetish of the cash nexus which reduces man to a mere instrument of production and corrodes all higher values, aims and sentiments. No canon of logic or law of history, but an *a priori* messianic vision of ultimate redemption informs Marx's major prediction: the stage of capitalism—monopolistic concentration on the one hand and mass pauperization on the other—must inevitably become the apocalyptic moment of proletarian liberation. There is no logical necessity for the seizure of all means of production to be followed by their transformation from fetters into instruments of true human self-expression and freedom.

It was the Jews, Moses Hess and Karl Marx, who channelled the theological-philosophical speculations of the Young Hegelians onto the path of social analysis and social protest. This they accomplished by their insistence that critical speculative reason, when reduced to mere contemplation, becomes a helpless accomplice of the evils of reality. Neither social harmony nor man's emancipation from the tyranny of fetishes — whether of religion, metaphysics or money—was possible without the abolition of private property and of the destructive selfishness that feeds on it.

The salvationist universalism of Marxism was in no small measure influenced by the fact that its Jewish prophets were so much less tied to particularistic traditions and allegiances than their Gentile fellow-citizens. For as Jews, they had only recently broken away from their Jewish heritage without having become integrated or even accepted into the national life of their countries. Marx's ardor in unmasking hypocrisy and self-delusion, in exposing sentimental beliefs as selfishness or mental indolence re-echoes the prophetic wrath of an Amos or Isaiah, but also shows incomprehension of the genuineness of ingrained habit, irrational attachment, idiomatic peculiarity and complex involvement. Everything is reduced to basic ethical concepts. What in a lesser man would have remained turgid preaching became through Marx one of the most effective prophecies in human history.

The Jewish Saint-Simonists quite consciously and explicitly proclaimed their socialist creed to be a modern version of the mission of the prophets of Israel. They secularized and universalized the traditional Jewish concept of "a kingdom of priests and a holy people." In its new form, this ideal was to serve as a corrective to the iniquitous Christian doctrine that sanctioned the distinction between the kingdom of Heaven and the kingdom of earth—between private morality and personal holiness on the one hand, and the ethos of power politics and social-economic amorality on the other. All nations were to become transformed from armed camps poised for battle into a united humanity working for the conquest of nature.

The prophets of socialist universalism did not, of course, remain within the fold of Judaism. For the Jewish Saint-Simonists, their messianic message was a way of shaking off the incubus of Judaism without, as Heine put it, suffering the indignity of baptism as the price of admission to European society. Both Marx and Lassalle (who in his youth had dreamed of playing the role of Judah Maccabaeus), became enemies and denigrators of

Judaism. (Moses Hess was a unique phenomenon in his age, with his messianic synthesis of socialism and Zionism.)

On the other hand, the two most distinguished 19th century Jewish figures on the Right, Benjamin Disraeli and Adolphe Crémieux, bore their Jewishness proudly. This was no accident. For once Liberalism had lost its messianic fanaticism, it no longer insisted, as it had in the Napoleonic era, on assimilation as the price of equal rights. The liberals refused to tie their political opinions to a universalistic and rigidly exclusive world-view. In contrast to the harsh dogmatism of the messianic movements, Liberalism created a more favorable atmosphere for the individual Jew to pursue a course of his own. And among Jews of the liberal-conservative outlook, the messianic Jewish heritage found expression in their highly developed sensitivity to social evil and their extensive philanthropic activities. It is not unlikely that Disraeli's bold, original attempt to associate traditional British aristocratic conservatism with a policy of social reform—to some extent in opposition to middle class liberalism—was in some way connected with his Jewishness. At the same time, it should be noted that this brand of anti-bourgeois, social-minded nationalism in Imperial Germany and Austro-Hungary assumed a strong anti-Semitic character.

AT THE close of the 19th century, the center of gravity of our problem shifted to eastern Europe. In contrast to the situation of their co-religionists in the West, millions of impoverished, downtrodden Jews in eastern Europe suffered vicious oppression and persecution at the hands of a tyrannical regime. Czarism in Russia pursued a systematic policy of oppression of national minorities as well as of the masses of Russians themselves. Out of an hysterical fear that the entire social-political structure would collapse if a single brick were disturbed, the Czarist regime conducted a relentless war against any and every aspiration for even the slightest change in the status quo. A tyrannical order which allowed no outlet for self-expression, which permitted no safety valve for the anger and frustration of its subjects, unwittingly stimulated revolutionary passions and messianic yearnings. Innumerable devotees of the religion of revolution lay in wait, harassing the enemy state to which they felt no allegiance, and ready to break into the open on the Day of Judgment when a wholly evil world would be transformed into a wholly good one.

The messianic tidings of revolution nowhere found a more enthusiastic response than among the Jews of Eastern Europe. No other national or social group—not even the masses of peasants whom the Industrial Revolution had suddenly uprooted and cast into a maelstrom of new and bewildering social problems — experienced with the same intensity the trauma of breaking with historical continuity and tradition. Countless Jewish youths, often enough yeshiva students who had become secularized overnight, experienced the revolutionary revelation almost as a visitation bringing in its wake sudden release and redemption. They were knocking at the gates of Paradise. The intense preparation for the hour of grace, the sense of being swept on irresistibly, the anticipation of imminent redemption, the vision of the Day of Judgment when the proud would be humbled and the lowly exalted—all those aspects of the new dispensation made many of the noblest hearts in Israel exult.

It is no exaggeration to state that the very rigidity and harshness of the Marxian doctrine, the dialectical casuistry peculiar to it, and the quasi-neurotic adherence to the minutiae of a written code so characteristic of Marxists—were calculated to exercise a special fascination for the heirs of countless generations of Talmudic students, hair-splitting exegetes and ritualistic bookkeepers. Moreover, the uncompromising Marxist distinction between the progressive proletariat and reactionary capitalism could readily serve as a secularized parallel to a concept familiar to ex-yeshiva students—the sharp cleavage between the Chosen People and the other nations. Since the Jews were the classical scapegoats of the Czarist regime and since, at the same time, all forms of evil appeared to be interconnected, there arose the conviction that only a total revolution could solve all problems at once, including the Jewish problem. Finally, the impact on East European Jews of the rise of anti-Semitism in Western Europe, climaxed in the Dreyfus affair, was sufficient to disillusion many moderate Jews with liberalism and to throw them into the arms of revolutionary messianism.

How shall we explain the extraordinary transformation that has occurred in the course of these last forty years? What has happened to that revolutionary regime which so many Jews had hailed as the fulfillment of their most cherished messianic hopes, to whose victory Jews had made such a great and perhaps decisive contribution? A regime that had borne aloft the banner of freedom to all men and races, had made anti-Semitic propaganda a punishable crime, and for a time had even shown readiness to foster some form of autonomous Jewish cultural life, launches an extermination campaign against Jewish writers, plans mass Jewish expulsions, encourages the growth of anti-Semitism, adopts an implacably hostile and insulting policy toward the state of Israel, and gives its unconditional support to feudal forces, dictators and adventurers sworn to the annihilation of Israel. How did this happen? Is it a mere accident? An error due to the lack of understanding on the part of short-sighted politicians? Are these only external appearances, unrelated to the true inner nature of the regime and its historic universal mission of redemption?

Can there be any doubt by now that these developments are symptoms which can tell us a great deal about the fundamental nature of the Communist regime? And an objective acknowledgement of their significance is bound to puncture the illusion, so dear to the remaining faithful, that the Soviet Union is the vanguard of world revolution moving inexorably toward its ultimate culmination. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to assert that the Jews are a test case for the evaluation of the nature of the system as a whole. The Communist experiment may be judged on this one count: did it succeed in removing from the Jewish heart and from the Gentile mind that type of "Jew-consciousness" which has always determined the status of the Jew in the Diaspora? Has the special standard of judgment for the Jew disappeared, regardless of whether he chooses to merge with the larger social environment or prefers to be identified as a member of a distinct and separate cultural-national-religious group?

UNBIASED observers generally agree that this Jew-consciousness has not only not vanished, but is actually gaining stronger hold in Russia. Attitudes toward the Jews in the Soviet

Union, we are reliably informed, are colored by suspicion, contempt and hostility. Many grim anecdotes tell the same story. An Oxford professor visiting Russia asked a Soviet scholar whether Freud is taught there; a grimace accompanied the reply: "Another Jewish invention!". Another Soviet scholar teaches that historical religions may be classified as fertile or barren creeds, the principal example of the latter type being Judaism. Anti-Semitic expressions and proverbs have come into vogue again in Russia—and proverbs, jokes and anecdotes are a sure index to the workings of a people's unconscious mind. Nikita Khrushchev's notorious outburst last year—that there is an excessive number of "Abramovitches" in Poland—is only one instance of anti-Semitic sentiments current in the U.S.S.R.

Staunch Soviet sympathizers and naive partisans will doubtlessly trot out their stock argument: these deplorable things are vestiges of the past which the new Soviet education has not yet managed to erase completely. But it is much more likely that this phenomenon, instead of being a mere vestige, is a persistent component which, after having been more or less dormant for a while, is now re-asserting itself with increasing virulence. It may be taken as a historical rule that in a revolutionary period, national unity is at its peak at the very beginning of the triumphant revolution, in the first flush of enthusiasm and victorious élan engendered by the collapse of the common enemy. At that moment, people seem to rise above the old patterns of prejudice, selfish interest and fixed habit. But with the emergency gone, they revert to the habits and prejudices inherited from past generations. The fatal mistake of revolutionary dogmatists is to confuse transitory enthusiasm with "a new heart and a new spirit," a momentary outburst of altruism with a permanent ideal order.

Thus, for an instant, the high ideological tension of the Revolution, coupled with terror, was able to suppress the outward signs of anti-Semitism; it may be that even inner aggressiveness toward the Jews was somewhat blunted and inhibited. But as the state of emergency receded, it became clear that little had changed. The experience of revolutionary comradeship and pride in Communist achievement were too feeble to blur the boundaries between "Jew, Gentile and Greek."

Psychological trends in society go hand in hand with social changes. The decisive fact that shaped Soviet society was that the Soviet leaders lost faith in the efficacy of the appeal to the people's commitment to socialist ideals. This forced them to fall back upon the traditional stimuli of the stick and the carrot as incentives to greater effort: promises of higher wages and threats of retaliation. Gross inequality in income and social status was the inevitable result. Thus, open competition ("socialist emulation") dealt a fatal blow to the official doctrine of equality in the common endeavor. In a competitive system, whether or not it is called socialistic, Jewish talents and proclivities inevitably assert themselves, the distinctive separateness of the Jewish group entity becomes the more conspicuous, and so the Jews are left all the more open to contumely and discrimination.

The emergence of social inequality and the growth of the competitive spirit are rooted in more profound changes than those already alluded to. The political development of the Soviet Union reflects the bitter dilemma of a regime controlled by an exclusive élite. Let us for the moment disregard the rightist character of this phenomenon and view it from an internal So-

viet vantage-point, as it were. In this context, the élite is not a ruling class in the accepted sense, but the quintessence of the general will, a sort of Urim and Tummim of history. In order to merit so exalted a position, the élite must pass the most rigorous tests, demonstrate absolute purity and remain always on a superhuman plane.

But like any élite, the Soviet leadership became a clique. When men combine limitless power with a sense of their unique mission of universal regeneration, it is all too easy for them to mistake the promptings of their ambition for the voice of History, to rationalize their hatred and envy into Truth. Moreover, the very nature of unlimited power attracts to the regime self-seeking, power-hungry, sadistic men. The inevitable response of the masses to the unmistakable deterioration of the élite, the caretakers of their destiny, is disappointment and contempt. With every possibility of revolt cut off by a regime that possesses all the instruments of military and political coercion and controls all the means of production and distribution, the resultant mood of the people can only be apathetic and, in the end, nihilistic. The sustained selfless effort to enthrone an ideal of righteousness gives way to a struggle for power among those in a position to compete for it. There is no choice of weapons in this battle. On the contrary, the dominant code renders the question of ends and means virtually meaningless. For a dialectic is always at hand to prove that any specific means, however repugnant to common sense or abhorrent to natural human instincts, is, within the larger context of the *a priori*, all-embracing scheme, not only acceptable but indispensable—and thus objectively good. Surely, "socialist legality" cannot fail or err, since it is the manifestation of the inexorable evolution of a preordained historical pattern, the goal of which is absolute justice. In such an atmosphere anything can be contrived and explained away, including a Jewish doctors' "plot" and a plan to exile Soviet Jews to the far North.

FROM ONE point of view, the root of the Jewish tragedy in the Communist world is to be found in the failure of the abortive revolutions outside Russia in the immediate post-World War One period, and in the subsequent confinement of Communism within the borders of one country. In this process the beginning of the general degeneration of Communism can be discerned. For in the very course of silencing Trotsky and destroying all other opposition in the Party, Stalin became the victim of his own success. He was compelled to go on showing that he was right in decreeing that revolution must be limited to one country. This was the origin of the attitude that treated Communist parties outside Russia as satellites taking orders from Moscow. Stalin's obduracy led to the suicidal policy of the German Communist Party on the eve of Hitler's accession to power. The principle was that no Communist Party outside Russia may succeed by its own strength. Furthermore, Soviet Russia imagined herself surrounded by enemies bent on her destruction. Thus, the defense of the Revolution and of the encircled motherland became inseparable causes. With the Nazi invasion of Russia, the spark of nationalism grew into a great flame. And after the Second World War, the country's nationalistic temper found a special irritant in the existence of the Jewish community—a distinctive people, acutely susceptible to influences of a universal character and possessed of a vague sense of kinship with some international confraternity.

The ironical dialectic of the Soviet system has been given special impetus and wider extension by the death of Stalin, and more particularly by Khrushchev's campaign to destroy the Stalin myth. The Communist movement as a whole was shaken to its foundations. Despite nationalistic deviations in the workings of Soviet diplomacy, Stalin's personal dictatorship symbolized the monolithic character of the world Communist movement. Official doctrine recognized only one universal Socialist revolutionary camp, headed by the Soviet Union. It regarded national differences and local deviations as irrelevant or merely apparent. Moreover, the phrase, "Stalin, the genius of Socialist science," reflected the belief that Soviet development under Stalin's guidance was not the result of trial and error, like the history of other countries, but the actualization of objective iron logic, immune to personal arbitrariness, error or accident.

Khrushchev's abrupt revelation that Stalin had violated all the canons of socialism and had completely distorted the progress of the U.S.S.R. by his tyrannical willfulness was a traumatic blow from which world Communism has not yet recovered. It virtually destroyed the fundamental belief in the "scientific" nature of the Soviet system. The way to political empiricism was opened. Freedom of conscience in interpreting the divine revelation was implicitly admitted in the new slogan that each people has its own road to socialism. The kind of evolution foreshadowed by Tito, and for which analogies can be found in the fortunes of past revolutionary ideologies, gathered momentum and grew into an avalanche in Poland, Hungary and other countries. People's adherence to their nationalistic sentiments proved infinitely stronger than the attraction of a universal messianic faith.

The Jews were the first victims of this development. They constituted the principal instrument of Stalinist centralization in all the satellite countries. At the end of World War II, many Jews — whether liberated prisoners of concentration camps or former partisans emerging from forests and hideouts—received the Red Army as saviors; these Jews put all their talents and devotion, their considerable organizational skill and pent-up energy, at the disposal of the Red regimes. Without these cadres, the new governments might not have been able to maintain themselves, for the non-Jewish intelligentsia largely refused to cooperate either because of their hatred for the Soviets and all their works or because they doubted the durability of the new regimes.

(This phenomenon has a parallel in pre-war history. The peculiar interstitial position of the Jews frequently led them to forms of cooperation with the majority nation or with the racial group representing higher culture in plural societies. In the German areas of Poland, for example, the Jews assimilated themselves to German culture; in the Ukrainian areas of Poland, however, the Jews spoke Polish.)

After Stalin's death and particularly after the Khrushchev speech, when the forces of national unity in a country like Poland reasserted themselves, and the Polish intelligentsia decided to cooperate with the new anti-Stalinist government of Gomulka, they found many of the key positions in the hands of the Jews, who had been willing or unwilling protegés of Stalin and Stalinism.

THE CONCLUSION suggested by this analysis places in grave doubt the entire romantic, mythological scheme of apocalyptic socialism anchored on

the Soviet Union. The partly-naive, partly-arrogant image of the inevitably triumphant camp of world revolution led by the Soviet Union is no longer relevant.

In the perspective of history, the last forty years of Russian history will, I believe, receive their real and abiding significance from the mighty industrial revolution that swept the country and made tens of millions of its peasants and workers literate. As a result of this industrial revolution, Russia has become one of the two great world powers, America's rival in the struggle for world domination. Socialism is hardly relevant to this vast transformation, either as a stimulus or as a goal. For socialism is not to be defined by productive power or technical efficiency, but by its social and human content.

Soviet sputniks and guided missiles, received with envious and fearful admiration by the rest of the world, may have proved Soviet destructive power greater than that of the West; a Soviet professor may receive a much higher salary than his counterpart in the West, and he may have two automobiles at his disposal; the number of students in Soviet institutions of higher learning may exceed the number in America; a Soviet worker may even eat a larger slice of bacon each morning than does a British miner. But all these achievements are irrelevant to the main issue of socialism.

It has often been said that the success of the Bolshevik Revolution in industrially backward Russia was in flat contradiction to the Marxist prognosis. We may say now that the very success of the industrial revolution in the Soviet Union cuts the ground from under the Communist regime. The revolution of October 1917, impossible a century earlier, was able to make the enormous strides it took precisely because Russia had experienced neither a Renaissance nor a Reformation, neither an era of Rationalism nor one of bourgeois liberalism. The impetus of her advance was in direct proportion to her backwardness. The price Russia had to pay for her industrial revolution was greater than that of any other country. In part, this was the result of Russia's enormous backwardness and of her messianic exaltation; in greater part, perhaps, it stemmed from the exceptionally harsh and inhuman manner in which Russia has traditionally effected constructive changes in her history; nor, finally, should the state of siege in which the Soviet Union found itself for many years be overlooked in this connection.

At the end of forty years, a new generation of intelligentsia has arisen. Russia is no longer in danger of being strangled; on the contrary, it has become a threat to other countries. Dictatorial centralization, terroristic methods of repression and austere living conditions have outlived their usefulness. Dictatorship is no longer justifiable. The new generation will not tolerate it, not least because of its intense Russian national pride.

AT THE END of forty years we may attempt to assess whether, or to what extent, the Communist regime has rendered irrelevant the complex of historical laws and data that have determined the nature of the Jewish problem for centuries. Has the Soviet regime succeeded in eliminating the exceptional features of Jewish existence? Has it placed the problem on a new plane? Or, to put it differently, is Communism still of any special relevance as a factor likely to affect Jewish destiny in a manner at once new and salutary?

In posing this question, we must

remember that the Jews were not simply a passive object of the Soviet regime, but a very important and active force in the rise and victory of Communism in Russia and the satellite countries. The Jewish role in the rise of Communism is of a distinctly universalistic character; it is comparable to the part played by Jews in the expansion of liberal capitalism in the first half of the 19th century, and in the spread of Christianity in the Roman Empire. There is no doubt that they have left their imprint on the history of the Communist lands, not merely as individuals but as a group with distinct and unmistakable qualities of intellect, character and temperament. It was only natural that they represented universalism within Communism, rather than its national version in each country. In other words, the Jews contributed importantly to the institution and growth of Muscovite centralization.

As the nationalist trend gained ascendancy over revolutionary universalism, and as a new intelligentsia arose within each dominant nationality, there began a process of removing the Jews from key positions. It may be said that we are now witnessing the close of a great chapter, saturated with messianic hopes, rich in achievement, but also filled with disappointments and drenched in blood: the Jewish part in the rise of Communist rule in the 20th century.

Let us turn now to the question of the Jews as an object of the system. On the assumption that the Jews, by their own desire or by historical necessity, are fated to remain a distinct entity of mutually responsible components, it is obvious that a liberal regime is infinitely preferable to a totalitarian system. Even if the latter has no anti-Semitic tendencies, it imagines itself to be in a perpetual state of siege and demands complete submission to a monolithic pattern of thought and belief. By its very nature, it cannot be expected to permit the Jews to preserve their separateness or to maintain their ties with world Jewry and their sympathetic interest in a foreign state, Israel. Severed from world Jewry and from its historical continuity, subjected to the incessant pressure of an exclusive ideology, the Jews are in no position to maintain their social and spiritual cohesion.

In its earliest years, the Soviet state provided certain favorable conditions and allowed for special institutions for the maintenance of a distinct Jewish culture. Nevertheless, Jewish cohesion in Russia began to disintegrate fairly soon and specifically Jewish vitality ebbed away. Still, this was not sufficient to obliterate Jewish individuality altogether, and as Russian nationalism steadily grew more powerful and more pervasive, the Jews remained unassimilated. They were neither a clearly defined and separate nation like the many other nationalities of the Soviet Union, nor an organic and inseparable part of the Russian nation. Thus the Jews came to stand out increasingly as a foreign body, a dangerous and aberrant element. And once a totalitarian state—in complete control of the levels of power, the organs of propaganda and the means of production—decides upon hostile policies towards its Jewish subjects, the Jews are doomed, powerless to resist or to appeal to public opinion.

It is clear that Communism is no longer relevant in any new or constructive way to the question of Jewish survival. In fact, recent events have demonstrated that it can be decidedly dangerous. By now this should be clear even to those true believers who were convinced that the Jewish national and social renascence was inseparably

aligned with the interests of the Soviet Union as the natural leader of all peoples seeking redemption. For these dreamers, the victory of the revolutionary camp meant the automatic abolition of the barrier between Israel and its neighbors, the end of imperialist-feudal plots to sow dissension between Israel and the Arab peoples. One cannot help recalling, in the light of current Soviet policy in the Middle East, the well-known statement made some years ago by a leader of Hashomer Hatzair: "Should the Red Army, in its pursuit of the imperialist enemy, cross the borders of Israel, it will not be treated as an aggressive force. . . ."

History has disproved the assumption that the only enemy is on the Right. All categories have become so confused in recent decades that it is doubtful whether there is any point in continuing the traditional distinction between Right and Left. We have seen a nationalist tyrant, the murderer of Jews and socialists, swept into power by the votes of millions of workers. We have seen a nation, fearful of change and seemingly paralyzed by its archaic attitudes, galvanized by revolution into a satanic dynamism. We have seen a country, supposedly in the last stages of decadent capitalism, become transformed by a regime characterized by state control of the means of production and far-reaching social legislation. And then we have seen the "partisans of progress and redemption" suppress a revolt of workers and students in a neighboring state, with the help of tanks and slogans taken from the classical vocabulary of blackest reaction: "Death to the foreign propagandists and foreign agents who confuse the minds of the people." "Discipline and obedience." "Law and order." Was the right of self-determination, a holy principle of the Left, crushed by the necessities of a global revolutionary strategy, by the objective dialectic of Communism on the march—or by the national interests of Russian power?

THIS ESSAY has not been written in a spirit of *schadenfreude*. It grew out of brooding over the tragic mystery of the degeneration and corruption of high ideals in process of realization—a recurrent phenomenon at every stage of history. There is tragedy too in the disenchantment of those Jewish intellectuals in the Diaspora who put all their faith in the revolutionary Left and whose devotion to its messianic message filled their lives with meaning. On the other hand, it is perhaps no accident that the best contemporary Jewish thinkers are among the leading proponents of an anti-messianic, humanistic, skeptical liberalism: Raymand Aron in France, Sir Isaiah Berlin in England, Lionel Trilling in America. Were they, as Jews, frightened by modern political messianism? Or do they, because they are endowed with an acute Jewish sensitivity, feel more intensely the meaning of our age and the lessons of its history?

At closer scrutiny, the leftist orientation of many Jews appears to be motivated less by an optimistic than a pessimistic outlook: the despairing view that Jews can hope for justice only in a perfect society, but are doomed in any imperfect system. This, of course, means to court certain defeat. Deterioration and corruption being the fate of all things in an imperfect world, the worst is usually the corruption of the best. There is nothing more soulless, cruel and virulent than the hypocrisy and callousness of an exclusive salvationist creed turned power machine. And the effect of this sort of thing on believers is quite disastrous. One still remembers the agonized cry of some Jewish leftists at the time of the Slan-

sky trial and the Soviet doctors' plot that "socialist justice cannot err." Some of them went on to condemn the demand for freedom of *aliyah* from the "popular democracies" as arrogance toward the builders of socialism. They created the impression that Israel, and Jews in general, must somehow display some special or higher merit in order to forestall or soften the displeasure of Communist leadership. Far from expressing the human or national self-assurance of the emancipated, this attitude reveals a deep Jewish inferiority complex.

The future attitude of Jews to the Left will be affected not only by disenchantment with the Communist message, but by a major demographic fact: the bulk of the Jewish people now lives in countries whose traditions and institutions developed through trial and error processes and which have never been deeply influenced by universal messianic ideologies. The same countries happen to be multiracial immigrant communities, in which none can claim superior rights or treat others as strangers on sufferance. It was to a large extent the malaise of the unintegrated and unaccepted that fostered among Jews an addiction to utopianism and doctrinaire abstractions and a feeling that they had to prove themselves exceptionally deserving to merit human and civic rights. There are signs that the concrete nature of the immense problems facing Israel is producing new and more realistic attitudes among the younger generation; and the leftist trauma is being dispelled by the cold, hard impact of events. Diaspora Jewry must also strive to be accepted for what it is: at once a distinct component of the society in which it lives, requiring no special justification for its distinctness, and a part of a universal confraternity. By being just what history has decreed them to be—a phenomenon at once unique and universal—the Jewish people as a whole, Israel and the Diaspora together, cannot help fulfilling a role of universal messianic significance.



books and authors

Power and Diplomacy

By MOSHE DECTER

POWER AND DIPLOMACY by Dean Acheson. Harvard, 1958. 137 pp. $3.00.

RUSSIA, THE ATOM AND THE WEST by George Kennan. Harper, 1958. 116 pp. $2.50.

CHURCHILL, ROOSEVELT, STALIN by Herbert Feis. Princeton, 1957. 692 pp. $6.95.

IF A READER had to choose three books which together would neatly constitute a running commentary on the past, present and future of the Cold War, he could not find a more suitable and satisfying trio than those under consideration here. The Feis book is a voluminous, synoptic account of the negotiations among the Big Three leaders during the war period. Kennan and Acheson address themselves to the more immediate problems of the US-USSR confrontation and to the prospects and means of its resolution; and they do so in terms of their understanding of the history and ideology of the Bolshevik regime, and their intimate knowledge of the past record of Soviet-American relations. Feis serves as an admirable historical backdrop for the other two.

The three of them bring to their subject matter diverse backgrounds, points of view, experiences, temperaments and styles. Feis is a professional historian who has previously written two informed and valuable books on Far Eastern problems and American policies in that area. Kennan, who in the last two years has also published two distinguished volumes of a series on the history of Soviet-American relations, served for many years as a career foreign service officer and top-level policy-planner, and brought to that work skills and intelligence of a very high order. Acheson served faithfully, and with brilliance, courage and dignity, as his country's Secretary of State during some of the most challenging and disturbing post-war years.

Feis is no Churchillian stylist: the Great Man's own accounts of Big Three encounters are conveyed with much greater vigor, flavor and zest, and with many more copious quotations from his official papers; but Feis accomplishes his enormously complicated task with full documentation and competence, and the narrative flows smoothly. Kennan has an extraordinary combination of mellow stoicism and troubled seeking, an attractive kind of complicated gravity of spirit, seriousness of purpose, and sagacity. Acheson is no less serious and sagacious, but he is also briskly witty, direct, forceful, cultivated—and wise. All three are literate, humane, civilized men; it is a pleasure —and something of a relief—to be able to record that there is still this much seriousness and intelligence abroad in the land.

TWO OVERWHELMING impressions emerge from a reading of Feis' meticulously detailed study. On the one hand, the single-minded unity of objectives and techniques characteristic of Soviet diplomacy during the war period. On the other hand, a combination, on the Anglo-American side, of great-hearted readiness to concede much, limitations of understanding of Soviet purposes and illusions about them, misguided self-confidence in dealing with Stalin, a traditional failure to concert longer-range national political objectives with military strategies and utopian political ideals unrelated to the realities of power politics.

Stalin knew what he wanted; he had always known, as had all other Leninists, and he stuck ferociously and tenaciously to his purposes—and ended up with most of what he wanted. Churchill has wisely said that the Soviets, as a rule, do not want war, least of all, major all-out war.

What they want is to accumulate without war all the fruits of war, and as expeditiously as possible. Stalin had not wanted the war; it was forced upon him, and he had no choice but to prosecute it to its conclusion. But he was undeviatingly intent upon wresting all possible political spoils and dominion for the post-war period, in Eastern Europe and in Asia. He was demanding, uncooperative, suspicious, surly and secretive—and so was the entire Soviet diplomatic and military structure under him. He made no major concessions to Western interests and sensibilities, except (a) where, as in the case of occupation and liberation plans for Italy and France, he knew he could in any event not intervene effectively or only indirectly through the local Communist parties; and (b) where, as in the cases of all the East European countries overrun by the Red Army, he knew he could and would — and ultimately did — disregard his word. From many authoritative reports, other than Feis, we know that as early as the Stalingrad victory in the winter of 1942, Stalin was already beginning seriously to lay the groundwork for the establishment of Communist regimes throughout Eastern Europe. At least some, if not all, of these budding plans might have been correctly interpreted by our Intelligence and transmitted to our policy-makers. But even if this was done, it must have been largely disregarded. For the policy-makers, from Roosevelt on down, were frequently unable to interpret correctly the evidence of their own eyes and ears.

Secretary of State Hull contributed little indeed to the proper grasp of Soviet objectives. He was virtually obsessed with two great traditional dreams of the Wilsonian Democrat: free trade and an international peace organization, especially the latter. He was a good soul; he thought he saw his dream come true at Dumbarton Oaks, and he was content. The American military leadership was able to contribute nothing to the alignment of political and military objectives, for, true to its traditional schooling, it adhered rigidly to one purpose: to get the war over with as fast as possible, with as little possible cost in American lives, and get the boys home fast. Harry Hopkins, the President's closest adviser, combined some of the traditional liberal illusions about the Soviet Union with the even older and more traditional midwestern populist's suspicions of "British imperialism." This combination made him a total loss. The President himself was burdened with three major crippling political deficiencies: he had only a superficial knowledge of the nature, history and purposes of the Bolshevik ideology and regime; he had an outrageously exaggerated notion of his ability to "handle" Stalin; he had the pitiful, determined conviction that good faith and great concessions on our part would eventually eliminate Soviet suspicions and make "good neighbors" of them.

IT IS EASY enough to see that this entire catalogue of defects—by no means exhaustive—did not readily equip our leaders and top policy-makers and negotiators for dealing with Stalin. One final and decisively important factor in all this must never be overlooked: the attitudes, sentiments, ignorance and illusions of the great majority of the American people during that period were virtually identical with those of their political leadership; the few dissenting voices of caution and suspicion of Soviet motives were drowned out. So there was created a vicious circle by which the misguided policies of the leaders and the misguided sentiments of the people mutually reinforced and bolstered each other.

Two dissenting voices there were among the American diplomats, but their advice, cautious, guarded and unextreme though it was, evidently carried little or no weight. They were Averell Harriman, then Ambassador to Russia, and George Kennan, Counsellor of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. It is important for an understanding of that period, as of later periods of the Cold War down to our own, to quote from Feis' description of messages sent to Washington by Harriman and Kennan in the autumn of 1944:

". . . . they thought the Soviet govern-

ment was determined not to allow the Security Council to deal with any dispute to which it was a party, most especially when it concerned its neighbors . . . the Ambassador said he was not sure any basic change was taking place in Soviet policy; recent events were simply revealing what it had always been; that as soon as the Soviet government was sure that it would win the war and could do without us if necessary, they began to put this policy into effect. While it was not possible . . . to predict how far the Soviet government would insist that neighboring countries obey its orders, it clearly intended to have a positive sphere of influence over them. . . . In paraphrased summary:

" 'Stalin and his chief advisers do think it important to associate in a major way with the other great powers in world affairs. But they have thought they could settle the conditions by themselves, by their political and military strength. . . .'

". . . The Ambassador cautiously hinted that it might be in part our fault that the Soviet Union believed it could get the best of both methods. He remarked that it would be possible to arrive at an agreement with the Soviet Union only if the U.S. Government took a definite interest in the solutions of the problems of each country as they arose. The same critical thought had been more outrightly expressed in an earlier memo of Kennan's:

" 'An international organization for the preservation of peace and security cannot take the place of a well-conceived and realistic foreign policy . . . and we are being . . . negligent of the interests of our people if we allow plans for an international organization to be an excuse for failing to occupy ourselves seriously and minutely with the sheer power relationships of the European peoples.'

"The import of these messages—which contained definite suggestions to the same effect—was that we ought to be taking a more observant and firmer interest in the current affairs in Central Europe than we had been; and, if necessary, should match Soviet disregard for our ideas with disregard for theirs. If that were done, the Ambassador thought, some unpleasant situations might follow, but presently the Soviet government would accede to our views."

THE SHEER power relationships had concerned Kennan in 1944. They concern him and Acheson no less in the present volumes. This is unmistakably implied in the very titles of the books. Here they treat of a number of related questions: foreign aid, attitudes to and relations with the Asian neutralist countries, the moral-spiritual ties that bind the members of the Atlantic coalition together, etc. But the crux of the problem for them, as it must be for all of us, is "the sheer power relationships" of the US-USSR confrontation in the Cold War.

On a number of basic premises both men are wholly agreed. For example, they insist that under prevailing circumstances of total lack of mutual understanding between the Soviet Union and the West on all or most fundamental political questions, it would be utterly useless and probably dangerous to hold top-level summit meetings engaging the prestige and power of the President. Nothing would be solved—the chasm between the two sides is too wide and deep; but such a meeting would unquestionably enhance Soviet psychological warfare — by fostering false hopes and illusions in the West.

They agree on the precise nature of the Soviet threat to the West. And we ought to be particularly grateful to Kennan for stressing the crucial and permanent importance of ideology in Soviet affairs. To see the Soviet reality simply as that of a military power lusting after more power is seriously to underestimate and misconstrue that reality. The Bolsheviks themselves have a key phrase for it which they take with the greatest seriousness: "the unity of theory and practice." As Kennan puts it:

"There has been a common tendency here in the West in recent years to dismiss this ideological posture as mere window dressing, to ignore its political content and implications, and to see behind it nothing more than a primitive lust for military

conquest. . . . I personally feel this is a dangerously inaccurate view of what we are up against. . . . The hostility has been there, certainly; and it has been a deadly hostility, aimed at a destruction of all that we most intimately cherish—a destruction no less sweeping, no less final than that which would be occasioned by an outright war. . . . The Soviet design has consisted . . . primarily of a determination to exploit every element of disunity, of confusion, of shortsightedness in our society, with a view to causing us to eliminate ourselves as rivals to Soviet power and influence everywhere."

With this Acheson could not agree more strongly and explicitly, and he, in turn, emphasizes a related point also taken up by Kennan. Acheson says:

"No matter how plainly the Russians talk and act, we simply refuse to believe what they say and to understand the meaning of what they do. President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles keep insisting that the test must be deeds, not words. Floods of deeds follow, amply explained by torrents of words. Yet our leaders and, indeed, our people, cannot believe what they see and hear . . . we go on seeing in each new move of the Kremlin to divide and weaken us signs that the Russians may at last be 'sincere'. The very word shows our lack of understanding. The Russians are, and have been, wholly sincere in what they believe and are pursuing. But their moves and proposals in dealing with other states are coldly and carefully calculated to advance their own purposes, not any common purpose with the West. In this context 'sincerity' is a silly and, indeed, a very dangerous word."

THIS PENETRATING insight and devastating criticism take us to the very heart of the matter. For Acheson's indictment of the American people and its leaders for their failure to understand the precise nature and objectives of the enemy applies not only to our own period but to the entire history of our relations with the Soviet Union. Our attitudes and behavior have traditionally been characterized by a curious pattern of irresolution, indecision and ambivalence. It is as though we have never been able to make up our minds whether this Cold War is really a war or only a kind of periodic boxing match where the only action seen is in the preliminaries.

This failure to understand, this irresolution, this inability or unwillingness to face and cope with the harsh truth—these are dramatically illustrated by the fact that nothing is more to the fore today on the public and governmental agendas than the item variously labeled "relaxing tensions," "peaceful co-existence," "cultural exchange," "international disarmament agreement," "negotiating a settlement with the Soviets." (Our attitude toward such negotiations betrays an almost pitiful eagerness, laced with frisky nervousness—like a bride on her wedding night.)

It is on this most decisive plane that we encounter, in George Kennan's thesis, a very strange discontinuity between his premises and his conclusions and policy recommendations. There seems to be a perverse leap of logic for him, from realistic premises such as those cited above to policies which are summed up in the very popular word "disengagement". The Kennan disengagement proposal is by now quite well-known; it also has its variants in plans proposed by, among others, the German Social Democratic Party, leading elements in the British Labor Party, the Polish Communist Party; and it also seems to enjoy the blessing of Prime Minister Nehru.

In brief, it amounts to negotiating a settlement with the Soviet Union by which, through the mutual withdrawal of military forces—ours from the Continent, theirs behind Soviet borders — Central Europe would be neutralized and immune from warlike attack, Germany would be peacefully reunited although also militarily neutralized, and thus an enormous step would have been taken toward the settlement of other outstanding problems. This would, in effect, mean the dissolution of NATO as a military shield for the free nations of Western Europe—and Mr. Kennan says as much.

It is with this central thesis that Mr.

Acheson, in his book, and subsequently in a statement directed explicitly to the Kennan position, takes bristling exception. Without American forces on the Continent, he maintains, there would be no more independent national life in Western Europe than there is in Eastern Europe. Leaving Soviet military power unopposed in Europe would mean a vast increase in the number of persons willing to do the Russians' business. And it would be that much easier for the Soviets to have their way by mere intimidation rather than by the more painful and difficult and costly means of outright attack. Finally, the removal of NATO forces from the Continent would leave Germany and the rest of Western Europe to be defended solely by massive nuclear retaliation from the United States, rather than by more conventional arms tailored to meet local and limited situations. Mr. Acheson sums up his point with admirable sharpness:

". . . . the only deterrent to the imposition of Russian will in Western Europe is the belief that from the outset of any such attempt, American power would be employed in stopping it and, if necessary, would inflict on the Soviet Union injury which the Moscow regime would not wish to suffer. The regime will not believe that this will happen if the United States and Western Europe are separated and stand alone. The problem of coalition policy on both sides of the Atlantic is for leaders and people to understand this truth, act upon it, and with steady nerves run whatever risks are necessary."

Though he has since slipped away from it, this was precisely the sort of thing Mr. Kennan was repeatedly and acutely urging back in 1944 from Moscow. It seems no less wise and courageous counsel today.

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Grey Range of Evils

By RICHARD H. S. CROSSMAN

DESPERATE MISSION—JOEL BRAND'S STORY, as told by ALEX WEISSBERG. Criterion Books. $4.95.

ONE OF THE murkiest corners of Nazi history is the Big Deal, Himmler's offer to exchange a million Jews for 10,000 army lorries—on the understanding that the lorries would not be used on the Western Front.

In this instance, however, the darkness has been illuminated by a series of unusually searching investigations. A number of the main German participants—Captain SS Wisliceny, for example, who first had the idea of selling Jews for cash, and Colonel SS Becher, who was entrusted by Himmler with all the Big Deal negotiations—were witnesses at Nuremberg, as well as defendants at their own trials. The documentation of these trials therefore forms the basis for the two authoritative analyses of the episode, Mr. Gerald Reitlinger's *The Final Solution* and Mr. Leon Poliakov's *Harvest of Hate*. Since the publication of these two classic histories of Nazi extermination, however, the affair has been submitted to yet another and more painful scrutiny—this time in Jerusalem. The leader of the Budapest Zionists and

the chief mediator between the SS and the outside world during the months of tortuous negotiations about the Big Deal was a certain R. Kastner. After the war he emigrated to Palestine and became a prominent member of Mapai, with an Israel Government post. As such he was scurrilously attacked in a pamphlet, privately published by a half-crazy religious Jew called Greenwald. Among other charges, Greenwald accused him of saving his own family from the gas-chambers by collaboration with the Nazis and swearing false evidence in favor of Colonel Becher. These charges were so serious that the Israel Attorney-General sued Greenwald for criminal libel—and lost the case. The decision was reversed on appeal by a three to two verdict. But before the verdict could be handed down, Kastner had been assassinated.

The Kastner case made sure that every nook and cranny of this terrible story was re-examined. Every Jew even remotely concerned testified *in extenso*—among them a certain Joel Brand. This Joel Brand was a member of the Budapest Zionist Executive, specially concerned with smuggling Jews over the Slovak frontier and forging certificates of entry into British Palestine. The nature of his work compelled him to form intimate relationships with members of two rival German organizations, the *Abwehr*, or Counter-Intelligence, and the SS. "There are only a few of us who could do this kind of work," his friend Komoly used to say. "It's the dirtiest work, but also it's the holiest, even though you have to wade through filth." On April 25, 1944 he was sent for by Eichmann, the head of the SS extermination squads, who at once made the notorious offer. A few days later he was duly sent off to Istanbul with a forged passport and in company with a notorious double agent called Bandi Grosz. They reached Turkey on May 19th, but discovered that they would be unable to see Shertok or any other member of the Jewish Agency Executive unless they went on to Syria. Once the two men arrived in Aleppo, however, British Security took over. Grosz was arrested as a spy and held in captivity. Brand was not technically under arrest but was forwarded to Cairo, where he was detained and cross-examined for the crucial three months during which the negotiations he had initiated were taking place. Thus the only parts of this long-drawn-out affair on which Brand can give first-hand evidence are (1) the situation in Budapest before the offer, (2) the offer itself, and (3) the reactions of Moshe Shertok and the British officers who interrogated him. No serious student of the Big Deal could devote more than a chapter to this minor character.

Yet, in *Desperate Mission* we are given "Joel Brand's story" of the whole affair, including a detailed account of events in Budapest between June 1944 and February 1945, when he himself was in British captivity. Actually the author is Alex Weissberg, who wrote that astonishing autobiography of life under the GPU—*Conspiracy of Silence*. Alas, *Desperate Mission* has none of the verisimilitude of its predecessor. On the basis of conversations with Brand, Weissberg has composed a popular thriller, in semi-fictional form and with all the conversations in direct speech. I find it unconvincing to be told that "this was done for the sake of brevity". I find it even more unconvincing that Weissberg, in his Foreword, should make the following disavowal:

> I took care to check them [Brand's statements] against other, independent sources of information. The difficulties were immense. The immolation of the European Jews was a rough and ready business that left only faint traces in the official archives. Historical research was thus mostly limited to an inquiry into the testimonies of those who survived.

I can excuse Mr. Weissberg, since he probably knows as little Hebrew as I do, if he did not read through the transcript of the Jerusalem trial. But he also ignores both Mr. Reitlinger's and Mr. Poliakov's histories and the documentation on which they are based. Despite this, André Deutsch, (the English publisher of this book which appeared in London under the

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title *Advocate for the Dead*), sent out with his review copies a Newsletter, which made two very remarkable claims for Weissberg-Brand. Mr. Deutsch asserts (1) that this book is "wholly true" and that he and Nicolas Bentley have been at work on the manuscript for some months past, "to verify as far as possible every detail that it seemed necessary to check", and (2) that the book proves that "through the combined misjudgment, suspicion or indifference of [the British Government, the American Government and the Jews], many thousands of Jews whose lives might otherwise have been saved were sent to the gas chamber".

HOW CAN anyone claim that he has checked the Joel Brand story and found it "wholly true." I myself have compared it page by page with *The Final Solution* and found a number of major discrepancies, where I have no way of knowing who is speaking the truth. Sometimes, however, one can prove that Weissberg-Brand is inaccurate or distorted. To take one minor example: Hitler's plenipotentiary in Hungary was a certain Colonel Veesenmayer. In *Desperate Mission* we meet a senior German representative called "Herr Wesemeyer." Presumably Weissberg knew so little about the German occupation of Hungary that he took the name down wrongly while Brand was talking and neither Mr. Deutsch nor Mr. Bentley checked it. Or consider the key question why Eichmann selected Brand for the mission. Not only Kastner but Moche Kraus, the most trustworthy witness in the Jerusalem trial, both say that the Budapest Zionists from the first disbelieved Eichmann's offer and did not want Brand to go as his envoy. Yet Deutsch accepts his version as "wholly true." Why?

Finally we come to the appalling charge which André Deutsch levels against the British and American Governments and the Jewish organizations outside the Third Reich. Is it true that their procrastination in dealing with Himmler's offer doomed thousands of Jews to the gas-chambers? One thing of which I am sure is that there is no simple answer to this question. Even Weissberg-Brand at one point admits that the offer may have been merely a device which enabled Himmler to make contact with the Western Governments. He blames the British and Americans, not for refusing to make what was obviously an intolerable compact, but for their failure to beat the SS at its game of double-cross. In his view, the Western reaction should have been to obtain an advance delivery of Jews in return for a promise of cash, which could then be repudiated! This was, in fact, the way in which Colonel Becher persuaded Eichmann to permit 1,700 Jews to be delivered on the Swiss frontier in December 1944. But it is surely unfair to suggest that Roosevelt and Churchill were callous about the Jews because they forbade any British or American citizen to enter into this kind of "negotiation." Two days after they publicly denounced Himmler's Big Deal they condemned with equal severity any negotiation with the men of July 20th. It was not anti-Semitism, therefore, as Weissberg-Brand suggests, that motivated them, but a stubborn belief in Unconditional Surrender.

The most terrible feature of the totalitarian state is that it blurs the simple, black-and-white choice between good and evil into a grey range of evils, all of them morally corrupting and none certain to achieve good results. How to respond to the Himmler offer was one of those pitchy problems which defiled everyone who touched it. I regret that Mr. Weissberg and Mr. Deutsch (and the American publisher) should have combined to launch a best-seller whose distortions of fact and gross over-simplifications of the moral issues involved will shock—but for very different reasons—both the serious student and the common reader.

Talent and Trouble

By IRVING HOWE

THE MAGIC BARREL, By BERNARD MALAMUD. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 214 pp. $3.75.

THE STORIES of Bernard Malamud, now brought together in *The Magic Barrel*, are very hard to describe with any sort of

exactness—and not because they are so weird or exotic but because they are genuinely original. Anyone who reads a few pages of his work must immediately recognize the mark of an important new writer: a style that is sometimes troublesome but always uniquely his own.

Part of the shock of pleasure in reading these stories comes from the discovery that one's initial response is mistaken. One reacts, first of all, to Malamud's painfully familiar setting: the Jewish immigrant neighborhood of the depression years. Here, predictably, are the Jewish groceryman dragging in cases of milk each morning, the Jewish baker slowly expiring over his ovens. Somewhat later in time comes the Jewish graduate student fumbling his way through Rome, eager to grasp knowledge of the Gentile world yet perversely oppressed by a strange Jew, an archetypal *nudnik,* who in his unqualified shamelessness represents the claim that each Jew has on all others: the claim of trouble.

To anyone who reads a quantity of fiction, Malamud's stories bring back, for a page or two, memories of half-forgotten novels: the cramped, grey, weepy aura of "American Jewish" fiction. But then one learns that Malamud is not to be so easily "placed," and that if it is legitimate to admire the care with which he summons the Jewish immigrant world, an important reason is that he treats it as no writer before him—except perhaps Daniel Fuchs—has ever done.

For suddenly, in each of Malamud's best stories, something surprising happens: it is as if the speed of the movie reel were crazily increased, as if the characters leapt clear of the earth, as if a Chagall painting snapped into motion and its figures, long frozen in mid-air, began to dip and soar. The place is familiar; but the tone, the tempo, the treatment are all new.

In what way? Malamud, as it seems to me, moves not to surrealism or fantasy (terms used by some reviewers) but to a realistic fable in which the life cycle is exhausted at double-time: a wink, a shrug, a collapse. Everything — action, dialogue, comment — is sped up, driven to a climax in which a gesture compresses and releases an essential meaning, and the characters, hurtling themselves across a dozen pages, rise to a fantastic sort of "Yiddish" articulateness of gesture and speech.

Now, in any obvious sense this is not realism at all: the stories seldom plod along accumulating incidents, and they frequently diverge from strict standards of probability in order to leap-frog to highly dramatic moments of revelation. Nonetheless, their essential economy, the psychological pattern to which they remain loyal, can be called "realistic": for they aim at verisimilitude in depth, they are closely responsive to a serious public morality, they wish ultimately to indicate that this is the way things *really* are. Malamud spurs the realistic story to a pace so feverish as to leave behind the usual stylizations of realism, but the moral and psychological intentions that are typical of the realistic stories continue to operate in his work.

This is a procedure with obvious dangers. Partly they are inherent ones, since his stories usually involve gambling everything on one or two paragraphs; partly they seem to me the result of a manner that Malamud shares with a good many other recent American Jewish writers: a jazzed-up, slap-dash, knock-em-down-and-hit-em-again approach to language and action. In his inferior stories Malamud depends too much on hard and flashy climaxes, so that the most beautiful aspect of his novel *The Assistant*—its hum of contemplativeness, its quiet humane undertone, barely emerging in an occasional sentence—is not to be found here. And too often Malamud's stories seem excessively brilliant on the surface, a ruthless dash for effect, and then one has the feeling that one is being bullied and blinded by a virtuoso.

BUT THESE are incidental faults, and at his best Malamud has worked out for himself a kind of story that is spectacularly successful. Let me give an example. In "The Loan," Kobotsky, an impoverished Jew, comes to his old friend Lieb, an aging and harassed baker, to ask for some money. Years ago they had quarreled, but still a spark of feeling survives. Among his other troubles Lieb now has a second wife,

Bessie, who shares with him the tears of poverty and adds some salt of her own. Kobotsky begs for his loan on the ground that his wife is sick, but Bessie, who must make the final decision remains unmoved; then Kobotsky tells the truth, his wife has been dead for five years and he wants the money to buy a long overdue stone for her grave. Bessie, who can identify with a wife in a grave more easily than with a wife in a hospital, begins to weaken. Gathering force and lyricism, the story now speeds along to its climax: through a device I shall not disclose, Malamud achieves another reversal, this time to show that Bessie's heart has again hardened and Lieb will not be able to help his friend. The last paragraph:

> Kobotsky and the baker embraced and sighed over their lost youth. They pressed mouths together and parted forever.

Now by any usual standard this ending is melodramatic and most improbable: Jews like Kobotsky and Lieb do not behave this way, they do not press mouths together. But in the story the ending works, since it embodies what Malamud could neither have represented through ordinary realism nor risked stating in his own right: the beauty of defeat as a kind of love. And the reason it works is that Malamud has prepared for surprise by leading us so surely from one moment of suppressed intensity to another that the burst of pressure which creates the final excitement also dissolves any lingering expectations of ordinary realism. It is for similar reasons that one does not find it disturbing that in the superb title story a matchmaker who has arranged for a meeting between a rabbinical student and his (apparently) sluttish daughter, should watch them on the sly, chanting "prayers for the dead." Such incidents, in Malamud's stories, are not symbolic; they are synoptic.

At his best, then, Malamud has managed to bring together that sense of the power of external circumstance which so overwhelmed writers a few decades ago and the concern of more recent writers for the gesture of selfhood, the gratuitous sign that declares a man's humanity even as it is being crushed. The settings contribute an atmosphere of limitation, oppression, coercion: man is not free. The action and language preserve, through the renewing powers of imagination, the possibility of freedom.

Malamud is one of the very few American writers about whom it makes sense to say that his work has a distinctly "Jewish" tone. He writes as if the ethos of Yiddish literature, the quiver of *menshlichkeit*, had, through a miraculous salvage, become his possession—that, one might say, is *his* magic barrel. And he preserves this heritage with an easiness, a lack of self-consciousness, that makes most American Jewish writers seem local colorists exploiting accidental associations. Malamud can grind a character to the earth, but there is always a hard ironic and bitter pity, a wry affection that is better than wet gestures of love, which makes him seem a grandson of the Yiddish writers. How this has happened I cannot say, for my guess would be that Malamud does not have a close knowledge of Yiddish literature; but perhaps the moral is that for those who know why to wait, the magic barrel will reappear.

And while Malamud publishes in *Partisan Review* and shares in the literary sophistication one expects from its contributors, he is quite free from that dead-beat sourness, that nagging infatuation with nausea, which is to be found among many of these writers. His work runs over with an unruly comradeship for ordinary people, those who live in quiet and those who chance themselves in conflict with the world. He is a writer for whom human existence is not yet to be regarded as a mistake.

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By ALFRED WERNER

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THIS IS the eighth or ninth Israel picture book published within a decade. Esthetically, it is the most satisfying of them all. It comes as no surprise to learn that the photographer, Lithuanian-born Izis Bidermanas, started out as a painter (like many Eastern European Jews, he had gone to Paris to study painting, but in the struggle for survival, had switched to something more lucrative). For he knows what is essential for every artist to know: that nature—the world around us—is not always and under all circumstances a subject worthy to be reproduced on canvas, or on photographic paper. Izis knows what the producers of so many clumsy, banal and pedestrian Israel pictures failed to realize: that up-to-date technique must be guided by a ruthlessly discriminating and selective eye. Unlike the ordinary snapshooters, Izis avoided objects and scenes that are unanimously admired, having found out that this kind of "beauty" often results in hackneyed pictures. On the other hand, he has dwelt upon faces and vistas in which the average tourist sees nothing remarkable. Izis does for Israel what the late Alfred Stieglitz did for the New York of 1890-1910: with an esthetic sense unblunted by preconceived notions, they both discovered beauty in the most humble and commonplace subjects.

In this book, one will look in vain for columns of uniformed girls filing past jubilant spectators on Independence Day; for parades of armored cars; for the Prime Minister posing beside the author of the book, both happily showing their teeth; for the Yemenite woman stiffly and uncomfortably arrayed in oriental silver necklaces, brooches and bracelets, the sheer weight of which should have smothered her; for blissfully playing fair-haired children, singled out to emphasize an alleged preponderance of "Aryan" types among the younger generation; for the Israeli brand of cheesecake. . . .

There is no flag-waving. Only once does Israel's flag turn up—in the background of the most memorable picture, showing a shabbily dressed old man sitting on a stony hill near Jerusalem, and wearily watching the planting of the Martyr's Forest. Indeed, no effort is made to present—á la Hollywood—Israel as a paradise, where people toil most cheerfully (the workmen building the Beersheba-Sodom road listlessly take their primitive meals on the stony terrain); where there are only young, and only laughter. In fact, the little girl who carries a tiny sapling to plant in the Martyr's forest along with many other children, stares at the spectator with the intensity of suspicion and contempt; the eight well-armed teen-age members of the Young Pioneers' Army indicate, through their expressions, that they know that danger might be lurking around the corner.

One may object that this collection contains more horror than horah. As I turn the pages, I come across the desert of Judah, majestic but also depressing in its lack of even the slightest sign of life; surrealist-looking driftwood on the shore of the Dead Sea; an aged, almost naked Job sitting in a dirty doorway at Ramleh; a Maabarah on the road to Jerusalem resembling one of the worst Hoovervilles of the 'thirties; an overturned army vehicle whose occupants may have been casualties of the war of liberation; the old city of Jerusalem, viewed through an intricate pattern of barbed wire; and a sign, proclaiming in four languages, "Danger—Frontier Ahead —No Passage."

Actually, the tone and atmosphere is one of maturity rather than depressiveness. Izis shows what the Jewish publicity man with Madison Avenue training is likely to overlook: the diversity and many-sidedness of a struggling young nation, whose underlying unity is the will to survive. Israelis are hardy sabras as well as the bespectacled sausage vendor in Mograbi Square who may have been a clerk in Berlin or Vienna twenty years ago, and the cobbler with his array of two thousand

pairs of cheap shoes who may have learned his trade in Warsaw or Vilna. Israelis are wide-eyed, serious-faced Yemenites—and also semi-nomadic Bedouins with camels, Arab shopkeepers, and Christian clergymen. Israel, these pictures tell us, is the near-tropical richness of palm groves, and the frightening rock formations on the road to Eilat; the ancient synagogue of Capernaum and the vast new hospital at Petah Tikvah; the Druze farmer with his primitive plow drawn by mules, and the efficient bulldozer; the orthodox worshipper in a little synagogue of Jerusalem's Street of the Prophets, and the omnipresent *noodnik*, who, on the sea front of Tel Aviv, tells stories that are much too long.

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If Malraux is somewhat dissappointing, the thirty-odd other contributors are not. In time they range from the anonymous authors of the Old Testament to unnamed children, nine and ten-years-old, from the Kibbutz Ein Harod. Modern Hebrew poetry is well represented with stanzas by Bialik, Brenner, Shlonsky and Alterman. Not a single Israeli statesman or Zionist propagandist is given space, with the exception of Theodor Herzl who is quoted as saying, "You will build your country so that the stranger will feel happy to be among you." Between the excerpts—rarely longer than a page, and often consisting only of a line or two—from world literature, sacred and otherwise, one finds such bits as a moving description of the Yemenite exodus of 1949; an Arab legend; a Jewish folktale involving Napoleon; and a joke about a *noodnik* who is (of course) a great bore.

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from the four corners

(*Continued from page 4*)

FOR THERE really was no motive to look around much, since one had so many manuscripts to examine, to try to decipher, to identify, to hold up to read by a better light, to turn this way and that in order to read the marginal comments by later copyists, or sometimes by the same copyist when he was determined to use every inch of available space. There were torn manuscripts, and scorched ones, and some the worms had picnicked on, and that damp had wrinkled into arthritic crookedness, and some in odd shapes, like the one piece of parchment, written on both sides and shaped like a long shoehorn; and it read: "Said Rabbi Johanan: In Betar the emperor Hadrian slew eighty thousand myriad men. Eighty thousand trumpeters besieged Betar where Ben Kozeba was . . ." Well, now we know from the documents discovered near the Dead Sea that his name wasn't Ben Kozeba, and it wasn't Bar Kokba, but Ben Kosbah, Simeon ben Kosbah. Kosbah, Kosbah. What does the root *ksb* mean? And how would ben Kosbah have measured up to some of the great partisan leaders of World War II? Poor, cultivated, victorious, and miserable Hadrian! His commanding officer had come all the way from Britain to crush the desperate revolt in the Holy Land, and did. But it must have been at very great costs, for when Hadrian communicated the news of the victory to the Senate, he omitted the reassuring formula, "I and the legions are in health."

Merciful Father, what vitality dilapidated, buried and unearthed manuscripts have! I don't mean the vitality of their content necessarily, for even an ancient manuscript may be a record of something dull, something objectively unimportant. In the course of five weeks I must have seen at least fifty to a hundred fragments with nothing more on them than the alphabet, copied and recopied, in letters of all sizes, in scrawls of various description. Were they childrens' exercises? There were copies of favorite biblical verses so frequent as to make one think: This is how the pious doodle.

But regardless of the content, these manuscripts revive the student, add to *his* aliveness. I pick up a leaf, and suddenly am all alertness: what will this writing be about, where is this passage from, maybe the one or two legible lines will provide me with a clue, is this reading an authentic variant or simply an error, poor spelling, the copyist's misunderstanding or slovenly transcription, homoeoteleuton, blundering alteration, or Heaven knows what else. Attention is focused, lively, unfuzzied and always eager and expecting —maybe this will be a discovery, maybe I shall find something no one has ever before noticed. From day to day I come back to the green box of manuscripts awaiting a miracle.

And the whole world is on my side, helping me. No telephone calls, no committee meetings, none of the paraphernalia of efficiency which surround me in my office at home. The Anderson Room is opened to me, the boxes of manuscripts are brought to my place at the long table facing the attendant's desk, and the discovering is left to me. Is there a lexicon I would like? Perhaps a concordance would help? What may we bring you? Would you care to have a photostat made? Sometimes the photostats are more legible than the original.

With so much assistance it is almost treason *not* to make a discovery. It's as though I might betray my most devoted allies. And there are no alibis this time: no one is interrupting me, there are no distractions, there are no demands from either those above me or below me. Facing a manuscript one is finally face to face with himself.

Ah, here is a palimpsest. I cannot make out the base writing with my naked eye; perhaps an infrared photo-

graph will help me. But what does the top writing disclose? "And how do we know that the great princes are called mountains? For it is said (Micah 6:2), *Hear, O ye mountains, the Lord's controversy.* . . . Is it even possible for mountains to *hear* the Lord's controversies? But *mountains* is a figure of speech for the high and mighty princes! The verse (Isaiah 40:4) says, *And the rugged shall be made level.* This is a reference to all the faiths which may be twisted out of shape . . . that in the future they shall all be one (and true), as it is written (Zephaniah 3:9), (*For then will I turn to the peoples a pure language*) *that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent.* And it is written, *And no* . . . " here the manuscript breaks off. It resumes again after a number of lines, but by then the spell is broken. What century is this? Where is the quotation from?

THAT NIGHT as I read Yeats to fall asleep queer mixtures stirred in my mind.

"Had I the heavens embroidered cloths," said Yeats,
"Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."

And princes big as mountains in embroidered coats had their heads among the stars, and under their feet moved pilgrims of this faith and that faith and a third faith, and faiths I'd only heard about but never witnessed, all converging toward one soft luminous plateau, as crags levelled off to become plains bathed in a silver light.

There were no miracles either that day or any other day. What I discovered others had discovered before me; and undoubtedly more perceptive men than I will discern in the very manuscripts I studied what I could not appreciate. No matter. Something of the substance, even texture, of those survivors of earlier ages has settled permanently inside me. Evening after evening for days I walked along the Cam behind the colleges, behind King's and Caius and Clare and Trinity and St. John's, or sat staring at the windows of the chapel of Peterhouse (how fierce was the window where Abraham was getting ready to sacrifice Isaac!) or stood inside one of the courts of Queen's, where the sundial is, testing by heart the two readings: "Be diligent in the study of Torah, and know how to answer an Epicurean," or should it be, "Be diligent to learn how to answer an Epicurean," deciding it was the latter; but never gave up wondering. Ancient words kept me company, cadences determined my tempo of walking: *"She weepeth sore in the night,"* one manuscript had begun in the middle, earlier in the day. And that night, walking along Queen's Road, turning up Sidgwick Avenue and then turning left past Ridley Hall, I found I was walking to the rhythm of "Moses said, *Then the Lord thy God will turn thy capitivity,* but Jeremiah said, *Judah is gone into exile because of affliction.* Moses said, *Let us go three days journey,* but Jeremiah said, *The ways of Zion do mourn.* Moses said, *Honor the face of the old man,* but Jeremiah said, *And gone is from the daughter of Zion all her splendor.* Moses said, *Remember Abraham, Isaac and Israel Thy servants,* but Jeremiah said, *Jerusalem remembereth in the days of her affliction and of her anguish,"* and so on and on until I stopped in front of the house I had my room in—to do what? To look at the tall apple tree in front of the house, to wonder where the cat was, to turn and see if the enormous cabbage in the garden across the street was still there,

to listen to the subdued hum of traffic coming from a distance, to feel a quietude I had not ever before felt, or could not remember feeling. Who knows how long ago it was? But once some scribe, attracted by the alphabetical acrostic of the first chapter of Lamentations and by a homily on it which contrasted Moses' commands and promises with Jeremiah's threnody, copied these words onto paper that has yellowed with the centuries, and restored me to life on a quiet day and night more than three thousand miles away from home.

Islands of Orthodoxy in the Catskills

By DAVID BOROFF

WHAT HAS happened to the Catskills, that tumultuous ethnic playground, in this era of the adjusted Jew?

The Borscht Belt survives, though resort operators bristle at the term and *tummlers* have been elegantly upgraded to Directors of Recreation. Caught in the momentum of post-war social mobility, the hotels vie nervously with each other in an inflationary spiral of opulence. Some hotels now advertise three bands instead of the basic, irreducible two, Olympic-size pools are mandatory, and air-conditioning and wall-to-wall carpeting enable guests to forget that they are even in the country.

Day camps for the children ("so it should be a real vacation") have expanded and picked up the glossy technology of progressive education—peer groups and all. And the habit of strenuous play has not abated. The guests, in full middle class panoply, mill about the crowded lobby after dinner and later get returns from their afternoon cha-cha lessons on the crowded night club stage.

The Thruway has ended the trauma of Route 17 and the agonizing Sunday night crawl. Motels have sprung up here and there, although their aseptic impersonality violates the compulsory gregariousness of Catskill folkways. A trotting track, with its ineluctable fly-by-night crowds, was to open in June. Still, the hotel pattern, with its one-or two-week stay, is holding firm.

The Jewish content of Catskill life has undergone some attrition. *Kashruth* survives largely through the force of tradition—or is it inertia? Many hotel owners are convinced that it is a matter of indifference to most guests. There is one hotel which self-consciously proclaims sea-food dinners and woos a "mixed clientele" with only limited success. Comedians complain that Yiddish punch-lines are often thrown away because of the audience's declining competence with the language. But Yiddish as metaphor still has enormous vitality. There are few comedians who can resist the sure-fire routine of an absurdly turgid discourse suddenly brought down to earth with a homely Yiddish expletive. The crowd doesn't even have to understand the phrase. Its deflating intent is clear. There are still Jewish humorists, story-tellers who poke fun in English or in *Yinglish* at the audience's most cherished status symbols—mink coats, and Miami Beach hotels, and those twin titans, The Concord and Grossinger's. Their presence reassures us about the Jewish capacity for purgative self-criticism. But Yiddish story-tellers and Yiddish actors have almost disappeared from the Catskills except for a few small hotels which harbor oldsters.

The resurgence of Orthodoxy during the last ten years has been felt in the area. To be sure, The Concord and Grossinger's have long been with us with their soft, permissive Orthodoxy: no smoking in the dining room on the Sabbath, but it's quite all right in the lobby. And, of course, the day of rest involves no diminution of a tightly packed schedule of activities.

THERE ARE five *strictly* orthodox hotels in the "Mountains"; the one with the greatest *elan* is the Pioneer Country Club, familiarly known as Gartenberg and Schechter's. Set a few miles back from the main highway in Greenfield Park, it is located in an area which has been pre-empted by Orthodoxy. There are bungalow colonies and small boarding houses in which children negotiate the rites of summer in *kipos*. The atmosphere, despite the run-down hotels, is more pastoral than Fallsburgh or Monticello. The resorts are more widely-spaced, the countryside a little more rugged.

Without flinching at the polarity, Pioneer Country Club describes itself as "*strictly* orthodox and *strictly* modern." To the evident satisfaction of its guests, the hotel holds in equilibrium God's requirements and the pleasure principle. In its effort to yoke what the benighted might foolishly consider irreconcilable, Pioneer has come up with some strange juxtapositions: a *mikvah* and a brokerage office; the largest synagogue in the Catskills and a *playtorium* (Catskill names are an exercise in grotesquerie); an alumninum *succah* and a golf course.

The hotel caters to the well-heeled orthodox. It makes the best of two worlds—this one and the next. Essentially, it is a large, lush resort; on big weekends it has almost 1,000 guests and commandeers the rooms of small, indigent hotels in the locality. Its accommodations rival those of the pleasure domes of Sullivan County, and its athletic and social facilities are conventional, even if handball is played with a *yarmelke*. (To mitigate the monotony of the *yarmelke*, many of the young men have taken to wearing berets and garish play-hats.) Pioneer's entertainers are recruited from the top echelons of the circuit that feed the Catskill amusement mills.

But there can be little question about the stringency of its Orthodoxy and about the ascendancy of orthodox values among the guests. Next to the dining room is a long line of sinks designed for *rechitsah* (hand laving) before each meal. The hotel's kitchen observes certain esoteric refinements of *kashruth* commonly ignored in *kosher* hotels throughout the "Mountains." After each meal, the *Birchas Hamazon* is intoned. If, as at my table, it was not, there are mumbled excuses. Children study Hebrew in the synagogue all week. While the public address system in other hotels may try to recruit volunteers for mah-jong, at Pioneer the fluty voice over the loudspeaker announces that "two men are needed for a *minyan*."

The Sabbath is taken quite seriously. On Friday evening, the gates of the resort close at sundown, and no cars may pull in until after *havdalah*. The hotel, however, does not stop guests from parking their cars at a discreet distance from the gates during the proscribed time and entering. It is, by the way, the only hotel in the Catskills on Standard Time. The Friday night meal is after services, and it would not do for it to be scheduled too late. There is a complete cessation of athletic activity, including swimming, on the Sabbath. When you consider that many guests are up merely for the weekend, this betokens considerable sincerity and sacrifice. The day is devoted to rest and discussion. The secular and spiritual go serenely hand in hand: there are discussions about current issues led by guests, or study sessions in *Pirkai Avos* with *explication de texte* provided by one of the hotel owners, a highly competent scholar.

The Orthodoxy of the resort is intertwined with a familiar Catskill grandiosity. It boasts of having the largest *succah* in the world (made of aluminum), its *mikvah* is the only one in the mountains, and its brokerage office was the first in the area.

Gene Perkins, the Pioneer's Director of Activities, is, not inappropriately, a rabbi, but he also doubles as golf pro—probably the only rabbinic golf pro in the country. A bland, ever smiling man,

Perkins serves as a kind of spiritual *tummler;* in the dining room he goes from table to table leading guests in the singing of *zemiros* or Israeli songs. Though the hotel, somewhat unimaginatively, books the same acts that make the rounds of other resorts, its informal entertainment has a Jewish coloring. There are *jam sessions* of Chassidic melodies, and Jewish folk songs are sung to the accompaniment of a guitar. Though Latin-American dance is as much a mystique here as it is elsewhere in the "Mountains," occasionally men and women dance separately to Chassidic melodies. (They call this the "Hebrew cha-cha-cha.")

THERE IS a pleasantly familial quality at the Pioneer Country Club. Generally, young people flee from the lovingly tyrannical embrace of their parents when they go on vacation. At Pioneer they come up together, and one often finds three generations sitting amiably together. The somewhat chilly modern decor does not overawe a certain Yiddish ease and informality. Without making the slightest genuflection to modern diet, the management provides continuous comestibles. After each meal the tea-room opens for tea and cake. And one can see plump matrons hovering over Danish right after mealtime, indifferent to the admonitions of Carleton Fredericks. Until two years ago tea was served in a glass in fashion immemorial, but when the hotel was remodeled the changeover was made to cups.

Not unlike other Catskill hotels, Pioneer Country Club is a meeting place and marriage mart—with some differences. For one thing the romantic postures are usually struck under the benignly watchful eyes of parents. (An unattached male is looked over by *both* parents and daughters with candid, bold intent.) Morever, the criteria by which young people are appraised differ from those in other hotels. Here Orthodoxy is a touchstone, and the unmarrieds are as gimlet-eyed about sizing up piety as people are elsewhere about money or clothes. Not that Pioneer's young people are indifferent to money. But they are at least equally concerned about Jewishness and its corollary, education. The culture heroes at Pioneer are not *allrightniks* but rabbis and Ph.D.'s. If they are *allrightnik* Ph.D.'s, all the better. The hotel abounds in young rabbis and Hebrew school principals. For a young rabbi from the hinterland looking for a suitable bride, Pioneer is a boon. And even for orthodox young people from New York, it is a haven, for they can take for granted a community of background and attitudes.

This softens the rigors of resort life somewhat. From border to border in the Catskills, the week at a resort is shudderingly described by the unmarried as a "rat-race." At Pioneer, however, the young people are likely to know each other from orthodox enclaves in New York, and there is far less of the frantic sorting and filing that takes place in other hotels. Moreover, they take a proprietary interest in the hotel; it is *their* hotel. They are amused by some of its ambiguities, but they are devoted to it. And they are fortified by a sense of being an orthodox elite amid the gaudy precincts of pleasure. "Keep Young Israel's fires burning," a young accountant, an ex-rabbi, said to his dinner companions in casual farewell.

But the hotel, by virtue of its convenient segregation, creates tensions for the unmarried. Some complain that there is too much competition about Orthodoxy. And the social *ambiance* is confusing to many. "I've been to Grossinger's, which is a rat-race," an attractive girl said. "And I'm perfectly at home in an orthodox *shul.* But this place is a little bit of both, and you never know quite how to handle yourself."

I was assured that even fledgling rabbis display casual romantic ardors like other young men. There are even bunk parties, a summer institution designed for sexual dalliance. However, at

Pioneer, instead of the usual heavy-breathing concupiscence, there is likely to be a session of singing or intellectual games like charades at a bunk party.

Slichos usually come around Labor Day Weekend, when the hotel is bulging with unmarried guests. Because the synagogue, large as it is, cannot accommodate everyone, half the guests attend services while the other half dance in the *Playtorium*. "First they sin—or try to," a young man said caustically, "then they say *al chet* in the synagogue."

Nevertheless, the hotel owners can triumphantly point to an average of 100 marriages issuing from each season.

ACTUALLY, the Pioneer Country Club is merely a half-way house of Orthodoxy in the Catskills. Not more than a mile away there is a bungalow colony, Utopia Lodge, converted into a summer *yeshiva*. In large, untidy rooms, scores of boys of all ages, pallid faces framed by *peias,* crouched over huge tomes. There were no women to be seen—just men and boys wearing incongruously heavy coats and sombre black hats in the bright summer weather. It seemed like an outrage to speak English, so I tried out my obsolescing Yiddish. I asked a young man with a luxuriant black beard if he had visited the Pioneer Country Club. He looked at me with horror.

"It's a bad place," he answered in Yiddish, shaking his head dolefully.

"Why?" I asked.

"The girls there are all sluts. They run around half-naked. They dance with men and swim in the same pool."

I pointed out that the girls at Pioneer simply want to marry and make good Jewish wives. But he was unpersuaded. When I asked him how he and his colleagues marry, he patiently explained the mechanics of the *shidduch* as it is practiced in Williamsburgh.

Later, back at the Pioneer, I was told, with a certain measure of condescension, that Chassidim at Utopia Lodge deprive themselves of all worldly pleasures. They won't even shake hands with women.

Yet the future of the Catskills may very well belong to the ultra-orthodox. Many young worldlings seem to have outgrown the gaucheries of the Borscht Belt. The wide wide world beckons. Long Island beach clubs, Fire Island, Nantucket, even trips to Europe are making inroads into Catskill business. The big hotels can compete successfully with these alien enticements, but many of the small hotels are slowly dying, stumbling into bankruptcy, or waiting for that hot, hot summer that will solve all their problems—or for the *meshiach,* as one despairing hotel man said. A high proportion have become *package plan* hotels offering incredibly low rates for the entire summer. In the meantime, a number of hotels have been bought by ultra-orthodox groups. Old-timers in the region expect that the trend will persist.

The Catskills may yet turn out to be a suburb of Williamsburgh.

The Israel Pavilion at the Brussels Exposition

By THEODORE FRANKEL

THE ISRAELI PAVILION stands an unassuming and sensible little David among the oversized and contorted Goliaths of the 1958 World Fair at Brussels. Its builders have avoided the hypermodernistic excesses, the eye-catching distortions and the expensive monumental style which most other nations have adopted in the cold war for the spectators' attention. Instead, they have built a moderately modern, rectangular building, measuring approximately sixty by ninety yards, relatively low, with clean, uncluttered lines and a great deal of glass. One wall is practically all glass, and behind it stands a series of revolving panels, one side of which shows abstract figures in grey and brown, while the other side

features similar designs in bright green, signifying, respectively, the desolation and the rejuvenation of the land of Israel.

The ideological note, once struck, is sounded with great—and in the end somewhat trying—consistency throughout the rest of the exhibit. On the lawn in front of the entrance stand a number of ancient amphorae and pitchers (held in iron hoops for greater security) which enhance the beauty of the pavilion. The lobby, whitewashed and made bright with the help of floodlights, features various objects designed to show the antiquity and the continuity of the Jewish affiliation with the land of Israel. As one walks past the entrance, which is very simple and pleasing and has no decoration other than a strip of inlaid stones and the word Israel in English letters on the blank wall (Israel is also spelled out in Hebrew letters somewhere along the facade), one sees on the right hand wall of the lobby what is perhaps the most charming piece of the Israel exhibit: the mosaic floor of an ancient Palestinian synagogue. It is very gay in color and conception, showing a large candelabrum surrounded by two playful lions, a number of birds including a caged songbird and, at the bottom, two tiny and very appealing elephants; its cheerfulness suggests a religious attitude more carefree, relaxed and worldly than the one to which we are accustomed. On the day I visited the pavilion, a hostess—a Yemenite girl, to judge by her looks—stood under the mosaic to welcome the visitors, and she too looked cheerful and relaxed and pretty.

Turning left into the lobby one sees an enlargement of an old Latin map of Palestine, a modern and fairly abstract painting of the view from Mt. Zion, window decorations made of linked pieces of hammered silver, a display under glass of a fragment of the Dead Sea Scrolls, stone sculpture from the ancient synagogue at Kfar Nahum, enlarged photographs of the ruins of Tel Lakhish (first showing them in their desolation and then occupied by rows of prefabricated immigrants' huts) and finally a large and pretty standard photomontage showing the happy faces of new immigrants to Israel.

The lobby opens into what was undoubtedly conceived as the exhibit's *pièce de resistance:* a long, low, dark corridor symbolizing the two thousand years of Jewish exile. The right hand wall bears the legend: A Land Without People, and shows in dark blues, greys and browns semi-abstract thistles, rocks and barren earth as symbols of the desolation of the land from the time the Jews left it till they returned. Only the final scene is painted in bright green and shows the land again under the plow. At intervals there are inscriptions in French, Flemish (the languages of Belgium) and English, saying *Détruit, Verwoest,* Destroyed, and again: *Abandonné, Verlaten,* Neglected. The left hand wall bears the inscription: A People Without Land and shows, again in semi-abstract black-and-grey figures the abandonment of the land of Israel, the expulsion from Spain, the murder of the six million at the hands of the Nazis. The final portion shows in bright colors a happy family in Israel.

THE EFFECT of the corridor is, at first sight, impressive, (the paintings are well done) though perhaps a little theatrical; on second thought, however, it occurred to me, that it took a bit of *chuzpah* on the part of the Israelis to simplify Jewish history quite that much to make their point, to omit all the achievements of the Diaspora (among them the creation of a way of life and a culture to which the Israelis are more indebted than they seem ready to acknowledge) and to imply that the only meaning of the last two thousand years of Jewish history was the return to Israel. Particularly now, when this is a point of some controversy between the Israelis and the Jewish community remaining outside, it would have been

more diplomatic not to flaunt the Israeli view quite so provokingly. But diplomacy is not the strongest point of Israel's present leadership—and a good thing, too, most of the time; so why complain?

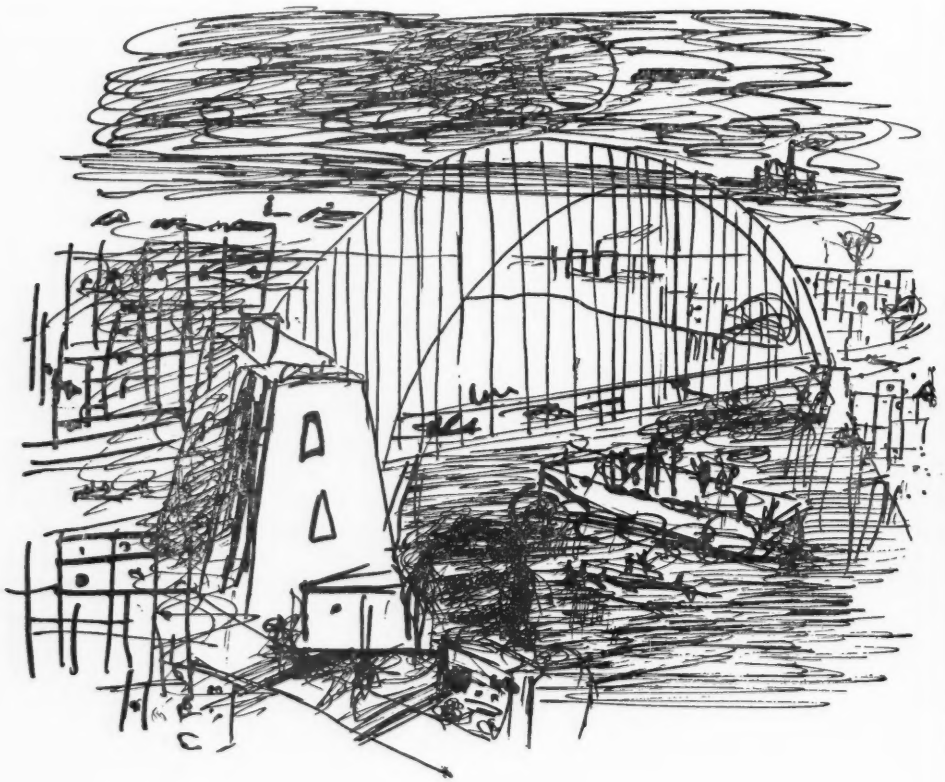
One emerges from the dark corridor of the Jewish *Golus* into the bright daylight of present day Israel, or anyhow into the large hall representing it. This part of the exhibit is fairly routine and does not differ appreciably either from other national exhibitions at the Fair or from the kind of Israel exhibits with which we are all quite familiar: a stream of water falls through a tube, symbolizing the waters of the North reviving the desert of the South, large baskets of grapefruit and oranges hang from the ceiling, the walls are covered with graphs and charts showing the growing and harvesting of various Israel crops, and we encounter again the familiar blowups of Israeli farmers on tractors. Stylized representations of the new industrial crops produced in Israel—peanuts, sugar beets, tobacco—crowd symbols of new industries: miniature car tires, tiny cement bags, diamonds, textiles. A life size statue of Lot's wife, executed in salt, stands in front of large photographs of Dead Sea Salt and Potash factories. There are panels showing the ships of the Jewish merchant fleet "sailing the seven seas," photographs of the Weizmann Institute, pictures and photos of refugee children arriving in Israel, charts depicting the increase in literacy and the advance of public hygiene, an advertising pillar announcing a performance of Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" in Hebrew, as well as a concert by the Israeli Philharmonic under the baton of Leonard Bernstein.

It is all very bright, very cheerful and very positive, and I think it gives an adequate picture of what has been accomplished in Israel in the last ten years. If this last hall is a little too "ideological," too didactic, and not particularly imaginative, it's perhaps because the people in charge try too hard, and try to show only the bright side, avoiding any mention of the difficulties besetting the young state: the Arab threat, the Palestinian refugees, the difficult economic situation, etc. But then, why should the Israelis advertise their troubles? Nobody else at the Fair does (except the Americans who very sensibly devote a small building entirely to the Negro problem because, as one of the hostesses explains, "Everybody knows we've got this trouble, so why not be frank about it?").

We are almost at the end of the exhibit. A staircase leads downstairs to a display of Israel handicrafts both ancient and modern, among them beautiful silver jewelry and flowers pressed in glass of the kind which the crusaders once brought back from the Holy Land. Also located downstairs are a theatre where documentaries are shown, a courtyard where one can rest sitting on low chairs next to tables with beautiful hammered coppertops, and a kosher restaurant whose buffet counter looks as if it had been sent over by Steinberg's, it is that loaded down with potato salad, cole slaw, slabs of white fish, pickles and similar exilic delicacies.

I sit down in the courtyard for a while trying to sort out my impressions, and in the meantime I look at the crowd coming out of the pavilion. There are a good many distinctly Jewish faces among them: American families with expensive cameras, shooting everything in sight, Israelis feeling very much at home, calling each other by the new names they have found for themselves in their new country: Aviva, Yigal, etc.; . . . and there are black-hatted and blackbearded Chassidim from God knows where. But there are also a great many non-Jewish tourists who have come to visit the Israel pavilion as they would any other: the Belgian hosts speaking in rapid French or slow Flemish, a great many Germans (their Volkswagens are overflowing the parking lots), French, Italians, and

occasional Indians and Africans. I wonder what they think of the pavilion which, after all, was put up for them and not for the likes of me who has been jaded by the sight of too many Israel exhibitions and who cannot help feeling a little let down seeing the messianic dream of my youth translated into statistics, graphs, charts, reproductions, however well done. I think they like it. A German family comes out and the son discusses with the father the discoveries of the Weizmann Institute; two Flemish girls, if I can make them out correctly, talk about the jewelry; a bunch of Italian boys crowd around one of the hostesses talking to her in English and German; two scholarly looking Frenchmen pass by me and I catch a few words about the Dead Sea Scrolls. Yes, they like it. They are not bowled over (the crowd in the Israel pavilion does not gape as they do in the American and Russian pavilion), after all, their own pavilions, their own countries, are richer and larger, but it seems to me they accept Israel as they have never accepted the Jews. They can understand it, take its measure, compare it with their own country and therefore they are not on guard against it as they were—as they are—against us who remain among them. Yes, for all my observations I think the Israel pavilion has accomplished what it set out to do: to symbolize by its very presence at the Fair Israel's existence (it is good to remind oneself that at the last Fair there was no Israel pavilion as yet), to establish the image of Israel as one of the nations, to assert its determination to stay.



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